

THE BUSBY TRACT, PA. DOUBLE MURDER.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE DETROIT'S GREAT SCANDAL THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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DERBY DAY AT THE BROOKLYN TRACK.
CHAMPION JOCKEY McLAUGHLIN EXHIBITS THE "POLICE GAZETTE" DIAMOND CHAMPIONSHIP WHIP.



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RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher.

HE TOOK BRIBES, TOO.

We notice that Des Moines, Ia., is not the only city in the West where prohibition constables have been caught taking bribes from saloon keepers to exempt them from seizures and persecution at the hands of these corrupt minions of the law. According to a recent special from Sioux City, Ia., Constable Curtis, of that law-abiding town, will soon have to face the Grand Jury to answer to the charge of receiving bribes from saloon keepers for allowing them to violate the law. Curtis, like the Pierce and Potts gang in Des Moines, has been very active in enforcing the liquor laws, and he was considered a most faithful and upright officer until several affidavits charging him with bribe-taking were made public.

The saloon keepers of Sioux City seem to have suffered as much from persecution by the prohibition fiends as their brethren in Des Moines. Curtis maintained a large corps of deputies, and even liquor sellers who were very careful not to violate the law were constantly kept in hot water by the systematic oppression and unreasonable course of Curtis and his zealous lieutenants.

The arrest of the bribe-taking constables in Des Moines and Sioux City has effected a complete revolution in public sentiment regarding the liquor laws, and it is very possible that the Legislature of that State will take measures to revise the statutes governing the liquor traffic, and substitute in their place a law more in accordance with common sense and not calculated to further the desires of any class or clique, especially the prohibitionists, who have made themselves so obnoxious lately in Des Moines and Sioux City.

GOOD WORDS FOR PUGILISM.

Ben Hogan, the reformed tough, who at one time was a pugilist of some note, recently delivered a lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., on "Physical Culture," in which he took occasion to highly eulogize pugilism. Hogan said, and very truly too, that ministers condemn pugilistic contests without reason. Boxing he considered the best form of exercise, and deplored the fact that the laws did not allow more freedom in the conduct of exhibitions of manly courage, skill and endurance in the fist line. Hogan went on to say that boxing trained the eye, the brain and the muscles and should be encouraged. "It gave tone, grace and agility"—and if those ministers who so strongly oppose this form of manly exercise were to practice it enough to receive the full benefit of it, they would cease to raise their voices against it.

JIMMY'S THE BOY.

Jimmy McLaughlin, the world renowned jockey, holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond studded whip, who rode Sir Dixon in the great race for the Brooklyn Derby last week, but who for some reason did not come in on the winning horse, bore his disappointment like a hero, and amply deserved the very flattering reception which he received by a number of lady admirers who witnessed his excellent riding.

THE BOSS SPORTING PAPER OF THE WORLD.

From the *Breakfast Table*, Wilkesbarre, Pa.—The *POLICE GAZETTE* is "the boss" sporting paper of the world. Its popular editor and proprietor, Mr. Richard K. Fox, fully deserves the large measure of success he has attained in the journalistic field, and our wish is that he may live long to enjoy it.

MASKS AND FACES

High Hats---A Race That Kills---

The Phillips Benefit.

THE PUG AND THE CORPSE.

Chit Chat From the Variety Ranks.

JANSEN AS "NADJY."

"What did you think of the scenery of the last act?" asked Chipper during an intermission.



"Can't tell," drawled Rusher. "Only saw two roses and a humming bird, and they were on the hat of the woman in front of me."

Then Rusher got mad and uttered three or four words tabooed in polite conversation, and twirled his moustache with indignation.

The big hat nuisance is indeed a crying nuisance. It's too bad that men who so often lose their heads when they see the leg of a woman should also so often lose all enjoyment of a play when seated behind her hat.

I wonder when professional jealousy will die out. A few weeks ago Lotta happened to engage one of the stage boxes at the Chestnut Street theatre, Philadelphia, and Minnie Palmer happened to reserve the one opposite.

When Lotta, on the evening of the performance, heard that Minnie was to be at the show, face to face, she left the theatre in a hurry and drove to her hotel. Lotta likes Minnie about as much as Miner likes Belieu.

"I was once the manager of a theatre in Frisco," said Mike Kennedy the other night, "and I was, of course, besieged by lots of fellows with plays. I had a young fellow, a kind of treasurer, to whom I used to give the job of reading these plays first, and handing the best of them to me afterward. Now and then he'd read aloud to me. I remember one ambitious writer of a play made his lover speak something like this:

"O, when will those days come again when we were young, trustful, ardent; when we wandered in the woods, the river at our feet, the little canary birds hopping from bough to bough!"

I hear that Bill Nye meditates a play for Denman Thompson.

Ten to one it would be a go. What would you say to a play entitled "Three Managers to One Star," by Margaret Mather?

It would be an amusing comedy. Three managers, J. M. Hill on the one hand, and Gilmore and Tompkins on the other, are after the sprightly actress, and are likely to get into a neat little lawsuit, and all because Margaret suddenly took it into her pretty noddle that she

don't want Hill to manage her any more, and that she does want Gilmore and Tompkins.

Well, well, we'll see. When Ed Stevens, then a mere youngster, first appeared as *Pierre*, in the "Two Orphans," he got badly stuck in the text:

"I come from a race that kills!" he muttered, and then stopped.

He groped around wildly for the next line, and repeated:

"I come from a race that kills!"

Then he muttered louder still:

"I come from a race that kills!"

He looked despairingly and earnestly at the prompter:

"Damn you, give me the next line."

The whisper was hoarse; the agony was intense. Stevens now fairly yelled:

"I come from a race that kills!"

Intimidated probably by this dire threat, the prompter came to the assistance of the man who sprung from so sanguinary a stock and uttered such terrible threats, the play proceeded, and there was no murder perpetrated that night.

Ned Stevens deserves great credit for taking the initiative in getting up the performance for the benefit of the family of comedian A. L. Phillips.

That affair which took place at the Fifth Avenue Theatre was, in an artistic way, a complete success.

Ned Burgess appeared in "Vim" with his company. Donnelly and Girard of "Natural Gas" fame sang their songs descriptive of an actor's life during the summer season.

De Wolf Hopper gave a mock heroic recitation and rendered a burlesque ballad.

Alice Harrison imitated one of the pet songs of her brother Louis in the "Pearl of Pekin," and for an encore imitated the hiccupping, shaky antics of a maiden half seas over.

Kitty Cheatham looked somewhat insipidly sweet as she warbled one ballad, and kittenishly pretty as she vocalized another.

Kate Uart in black, and not in tights, was too burlesque in her movements, though her song "I Like It" was well rendered.

Mamie Cerbi gave us a romantic ballad with considerable expression, while Maud Wilson sang a very taking song with about as little feeling as an impassive doorkeeper would have given it.

George Knight showed himself the clever artist he is both in dialect buffoonery and in pathetic verse.

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The

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won
Distinction on the Dia-
mond Field.

C. T. Dillingham.

Mr. Charles T. Dillingham, whose portrait heads this column, is the vice-president of the New York club, and one of the largest and most popular book publishers in the city. Mr. Dillingham is a great baseball admirer, and he visits the Polo Ground as often as his business will permit him to remain away.

Boston.—Just leave the New Yorks alone, as they can make monkeys of your great club any time they feel like playing ball.

If Burdock keeps up his present brilliant style of playing, the chances are a \$100 to \$1 that the \$1,000 he forfeited in the spring will be refunded at the end of the season, as it is worth ten times that amount to the Boston club to have Burdock play good ball.

The baseball fever has reached such a pitch in New Orleans that the spectators think nothing of dropping dead over a good play. When McVey brought in two runs May 22 against the Memphis club in the last inning, and won the game, Dominick Franchise was so glad that he dropped dead.

Umpire Mullin is a great favorite in Manchester, as they use him for a football every time he strikes the town.

The Cleveland club management is now having a great scrap with the Board of Aldermen. The latter have the bulge, and if they don't get the season tickets they are after they will run a street through the grounds.

Every dog has his day. Ferguson, Kelly, Daniels and Decker have all had their turn at being the greatest umpire in the world. Now it is Gaffney.

Keep your eye on Bobby Caruthers, Brooklyn's star twirler. He has struck a winning gait, and besides he has his eye on the ball now.—*Kansas City Times*. This is certainly welcome news to President Byrne and the Brooklyn public, who look upon Bobby almost as a dead failure, as he has not pitched or batted so far for some time.

It breaks Watkins' heart that he has no power to remove "Papa" White from third base without a two-thirds vote of the board of directors. The "deacon" deserves great credit for having the long head to get this inserted in his contract.

The Bostonians don't want much, as they will be satisfied with the League pennant, which they are carding themselves they are going to get in the sweet bye and bye.

The Cincinnati are coming east with swelled nuts, but they are liable to return home and sneak in the back way.

When Barnie touches up one of his men he does it for all it is worth. He soaked Greenwood \$200 and suspended him indefinitely for a little bit of a drunk.

Pete Hotelling is not the ball player he is cracked up to be, and he makes many costly errors. The trouble is Pete is getting old and has about outlived his usefulness.

Judge Betts, of Jamaica, Long Island, is a great baseball enthusiast, and rarely ever misses a good game. He stands six feet four inches in his stocking feet, weighs three hundred and ten pounds, and is as jolly as he is big.

The judge dreamed the other night that the New Yorks were playing the Detroit, and that Tiernan made a home run in the last inning and brought in three men, winning the game by one run. He

was so excited that he straightened himself out, with the footboard as a prop, and banged his pate against the headboard so hard that he split the whole top off, and it came tumbling down upon him with such force that it knocked him almost insensible. The judge is not superstitious, but he says he is through and will never go to see another game of baseball.

The question of luck enters into many phases of a ball player's life. There is a professional superstition that a team on its travel brings good luck to a railroad. There never has been a serious accident to a train on which a ball club traveled. The train which

left over the Ashtabula bridge, and by which many lives were lost, was just missed by the Metropolitan club, and last fall the Cincinnati and St. Louis players

train killed a dozen cattle in the South, but did not wreck the train.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

Gilligan, though one of the pluckiest little catchers in the country, is in hard luck, as he has been released by the Detroit and is now out of a job.

Boston's great Kelly says there is no reason why a player should be hit by a pitched ball. He has not got his base that way this season. Kelly does not take into consideration that it is a difficult matter to hit a needle.

Harts are not only dear but expensive, as Buffalo gave up \$500 to Cincinnati for one.

Manager Hackett, of the Stars, of Syracuse, is enjoying a vacation with malarial fever. Hackett always was an eccentric kind of a fellow.

This continued bad weather is draining the treasury of many of the leading clubs, and placing them in an embarrassing condition.

Big Charley Jones, like Willie Taylor, has seen his best ball-playing days, and is now having a hard row to hoe in catching on in the minor leagues.

Long John Reilly is finding the ball this year for all it is worth. He has been a fine wielder of the ash for many years past.

East New York had to be annexed to Brooklyn, in order to make the city large enough to hold Porter the day the Kansas City club defeated the Brooklyn.

Anson has had his usual luck in catching on to fine young players.

Poor John Kelly is turning gray very rapidly worrying over the poor success of the Louisville club. They play good ball, but invariably catch on to the short end.

Vian has met with great success thus far this spring in his twirling for Cincinnati.

It is said that Charley Keischlager recently fell heir to \$15,000. How "Reip" would have made Rome howl if he could have put his hands on this money while he traveled with Roseman, Troy and that gang of lawless "Indians."

Anson has a soft snap on Jim Mutrie, and has worked his clothes out of him for the past three years. All he has to do is to bet Mutrie that the Chicago will beat the New Yorks out in the race, and then go order them and send the bill to Mutrie. Jim knows that it is the same old medicine, but then he has to bet in order to make himself believe he has confidence in his men.

Elmer Foster is one of the greatest fielders in the country, but he gropes around in the dark with the stick and does not seem able to find the ball.

There are just about two of the League umpires that are so rank that they smell bad.

The various clubs show fine judgment by not allowing a pay day to come on a trip. This is a trick they have learned by bitter experience.

One of the cleverest tricks that have been played in an Association game this season was by McCarthy, the right-fielder of the St. Louis Browns. It was in one of Kansas City games, and the Cowboys had two men on the bases, and no one out. Big Jim Davis was at first and Barkley was at second. Coniskey was playing well off the bases, and Davis, feeling secure, took a strong lead toward second. McCarthy, as the scheme had been previously arranged, was signaled by the catcher to come in, and he quickly covered first base.

When the pitcher turned to throw to McCarthy, Davis realized that he had been trapped, and before he could recover from his surprise he was put out. Barkley, taking in the situation at a glance, started for third, and was thrown out, thus allowing a double play to be worked. The next batter lined the ball out for two bases, which might easily have scored the two base runners.

This is the way George Myers philosophizes: "A ball player's career is short at best. A sprained ankle, a crippled arm, or a bad cold may retire him permanently. A single turn of the wheel may place him on the shelf." Therefore, George saves his money and takes care of his health.

The sailing is not as smooth in Pittsburgh as Dunlap would like to have it.

He is at loggerheads with the scribes, and they are knocking the life out of him. It don't do for a player to think he is the only man in the world, as it does not take long to rip him from gut to stern.

Jack Chapman has his whole Buffalo mob under his thumb all the time, while away and at home.

The great and only Pete Browning is not finding the ball as of yore, nor is he finding the jug water, either.

Powell and Strief, of the Charleston, purchased a little pot of paint between them, and were just starting off for an enjoyable evening, when they accidentally ran foul of Manager Moran, who generously touched them each for \$50 and gave them a guarantee that it would cost them \$50 more if they made any errors the following day. The boys were so highly delighted with the bright prospects before them that they went home to their hotel, took a good night's rest, and played without an error the next day.

Tommy Esterbrook is catching on in great shape in Hoosiertown.

Tommy Poorman hopes to get his batting eye in shape again, when he will endeavor to show the Philadelphia people how to find the ball.

In the eyes of the New York public, Mike Tiernan is worth his weight in gold.

Simon Sullivan is a nice young man, but as an umpire he is a dead failure. In fact the patrons of the game in the International league cities, made it so lively for him that he stepped down and out like a streak of greased lightning.

A New York daily says: "The trouble with the Washingtons is the balls are not made large enough." It strikes me they were a pretty good size a few days later when the Washingtons brushed up against the New Yorks and beat them 3 to 1.

We do not know whether it is hard luck or whether it is bum ball playing, but the New Yorks are not getting there just the same.

Washington will soon forget they ever had a club, and the players will soon forget the way around the bases. Even the great name of Sullivan lacks inspira-

tion, and Ted might just as well have remained with his rattled Trojans on the banks of the Hudson.—*Boston Globe*.

A Pittsburg reporter suggested to Anson that it was unfortunate for the Chicago that they could not meet the Detroit while they were playing poorly. The captain promptly replied: "We don't want it, sir; we don't want it. We will beat the Detroit when they are in the pink of condition, and ask no odds of them at any stage. The Chicago are out for the pennant this year, and must have it. You people are not quite due yet, but Chicago is ripe for it. We have a stronger nine than last year. Chicago has been furnishing \$10,000 players for the country for several years, and we will have some more of them on hand next fall. We have disposed of several of our star performers, and now we propose to go in with an every-day lot of men and win the flag." Anson is fond of that delightful dish, baked crow.—*Kansas City Journal*.

A ball player has to make hay while the sun shines, as there are a pile of the boys shelved now or crowded into minor leagues who thought they were at least good for ten years yet.

Decker is very popular in Indianapolis. The people think so much of him that he has to be escorted on and off the field by the police.

After all the booming Kelly got last year and the many bitter disappointments, he is coming to the front this season in a style that puts the Boston croakers to the blush.

JUNE.

"OH, HOW I LOVED POOR NAT."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Lillian Scofield, the luminous beautiful, who has become so notorious in connection with the untimely death of unfortunate Broker Hatch, of New York, whose fatal liaison with the woman created such a startling sensation a week or two ago, made quite a scene in the Thirtieth Street Police Station recently. She wandered in the station with Scofield, the man who claims to be her husband, and was very garrulous. Among other things, she accused Scofield of the murder of Hatch.

"Isn't that a nice man for me to marry!" she exclaimed, pointing derisively at her husband. "Wasn't I a fool—a woman of my age and style—to marry an old man like him? What do I want with a miserable fellow like him?"

Pausing for a moment she continued: "Oh, how I loved poor Nat! How I loved him! I love him better than any other man I ever met!"

"I CAN SHOOT."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fred May continues to be a bad man to talk fight to, and a particularly bad man to challenge to a shooting match, as he hits the bull's-eye every time. At the New York Hotel last night a fiery Southerner was impressed with these facts. Mr. May lives at the hotel. Shortly after 10 o'clock a man entered. He introduced himself as "Mr. Dick, from Kentucky," and, casting a scornful glance around the room, exclaimed: "I can shoot!"

Mr. Dick took up a glass of whiskey he had ordered and raised it to drink to an insulting toast he had proposed. Before he could get the glass to his lips Fred May had reached the stranger and, exclaiming, "You can't drink to that toast here," dashed the glass out of his hand. The fiery Southerner vamoosed.

MURDERED HIS BROTHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A nine-year-old son of Col. John K. Williams, a well-known man of Fancy Bluffs, Ga., murdered his six-year-old brother a few days since. The children were put to bed in the same room, and after they had said their prayers Mrs. Williams joined her husband in a room below. Five minutes after the parents were startled by the report of a gun in the boys' room. On investigation it was discovered that one of the little boys had shot his brother in the head, using a heavily loaded shotgun. He admitted having done so intentionally, adding, "What's the good of brother, anyhow?"

WENT FOR HIM IN GREAT SHAPE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a lively scene in the capitol yard, Harrisburg, Pa., the other evening, the persons in the comedy being a false husband, an irate wife and a giddy young girl. The man, who is short in size and sports a white necktie as an addition to his other attire, has been, it is alleged, neglecting his wife in the most reprehensible manner. The lady finally got tired of his conduct, and a few evenings ago went for him with blood in her eye. She caught her guilty spouse, accompanied by his charming inamorata, on the street, and thrashed him in fine style.

THE PICTURES A GREAT TREAT.

A recent letter from Col. John S. Cunningham, ex-Paymaster of the United States Navy, contains a brief extract from a communication received by him from a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE "in Cuba away up in the mountains of silver and gold," as Col. Cunningham expresses it. The communication in question is dated from Guaranabulla, and the extract speaks about the great popularity of the GAZETTE in Cuba, the writer adding "although they (meaning the native population) cannot read it the pictures are a great treat for them all."

KNOCKED OUT BY A FALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The wrestling match between Charles Wittmer, the champion of the Cincinnati Gymnasium, and Thomas McInerney, the champion of the Cincinnati Athletic Club, at the People's theatre the other night came to an abrupt and sensational ending. In the third bout Wittmer slammed McInerney bodily to the floor, and for a few minutes it looked as if the latter had been killed. He recovered finally, and it was ascertained that he had received no permanent injuries.

BELLIGERENT KNIGHTS OF THE QUILL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A newspaper warfare has been going on for several weeks between Editor C. G. Newman of the Commercial and Editor Arthur Murray of the Press-Eagle, at Pine Bluff, Ark., which, it is alleged, culminated on Wednesday in a street fight, from which pugilistic encounter Editor Newman carried a black eye.

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OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.

Charles Kline.

Chief of Police of Amsterdam, N. Y., was born in the old town of that name 43 years ago. During the civil war he made a gallant record. In July, 1862, he enlisted in the 115th New York Volunteers and served in that regiment until mustered out of the service at Raleigh, N. C., in July, 1865. At Deep Run, Va., Sept. 28, 1864, he lost his right arm. He has been connected with the Amsterdam police force for fifteen years, for several years serving as chief of the village force. In 1865, when Amsterdam was made a city, he was made chief of police of the new town. His record in that position has been an excellent one.

The Bald Knobbers.

On another page we portray the features of the leading members of the Missouri Bald Knobbers, which notorious gang has recently been run down and is now being severely dealt with by the authorities of that State. The bloody career of these villains is too well known to need repetition here. The doings of the gang furnishes one of the most startling chapters in the history of Missouri.

Edwin A. Bull.

Edwin A. Bull, the treasurer of the London theatre, was born in New York in 1841. His business training he received with the firm of Thos. Tillotson & Co., cutlery importers, of Chambers street, with whom he spent sixteen years. He left them to go in business in Chicago for himself, where he remained four years. For the past ten years he has held the treasurership of the London theatre. Mr. Bull is an active member of the Actors' Fund of America, the City Club, and G. A. R.

Pauline Hall

Was born in Cincinnati, and went on the stage about eight years ago. She traveled successively with Alice Oates, with Rice and with Haverly. Her striking impersonation of Venus in "Orpheus and Eurydice" at the Bijou Opera House, New York, first drew the attention of the public to her. Her Oberon in "Bottom's Dream," her Prince Orloffsky in "Chatter," her Ninon in "Nanon," her Angelo in "Amorita," her Saffi in "Gypsy Baron," and her Erminie, which she sings as prima donna of the Casino, New York, over seven hundred and fifty times, have given her a high place in the ranks of beautiful burlesquers and popular singers of light opera.

HER BRUTAL ASSAILANTS.

Gertie Thompson, a young lady residing near Araby, Md., while on her way to the mill of James H. Gambrill, a few mornings ago, was compelled on her way to pass through a covered bridge. When about half way through, she was accosted by a burly colored man and woman, who demanded money. They then assaulted her, striking her several times on the head. She became unconscious and sank to the floor of the bridge. Her assailants rifled her pockets, obtaining fifty cents, and seizing her umbrella, made good their escape. After lying on the bridge unconscious for some time, Miss Thompson was able to make her way home, where she has since suffered severely from her rough experience. It has been impossible to discover her brutal assailants.

DEMI-MONDANES ON A LARK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fast and furious was the revelry in Madame Hattie Lawrence's gilded palace of sin, Louisville, Ky., the other night. The lights shone on fair but fallen women and curious men, and there was music and dancing till the sun broke through the clouds in the morning. Madame Mulvini, of Chicago, once a light of the opera bouffe stage and now a race gambler, led the women, and herself sang French and German songs and was given \$50 a dozen times during the night for doing the lace shawl and cancan dances.

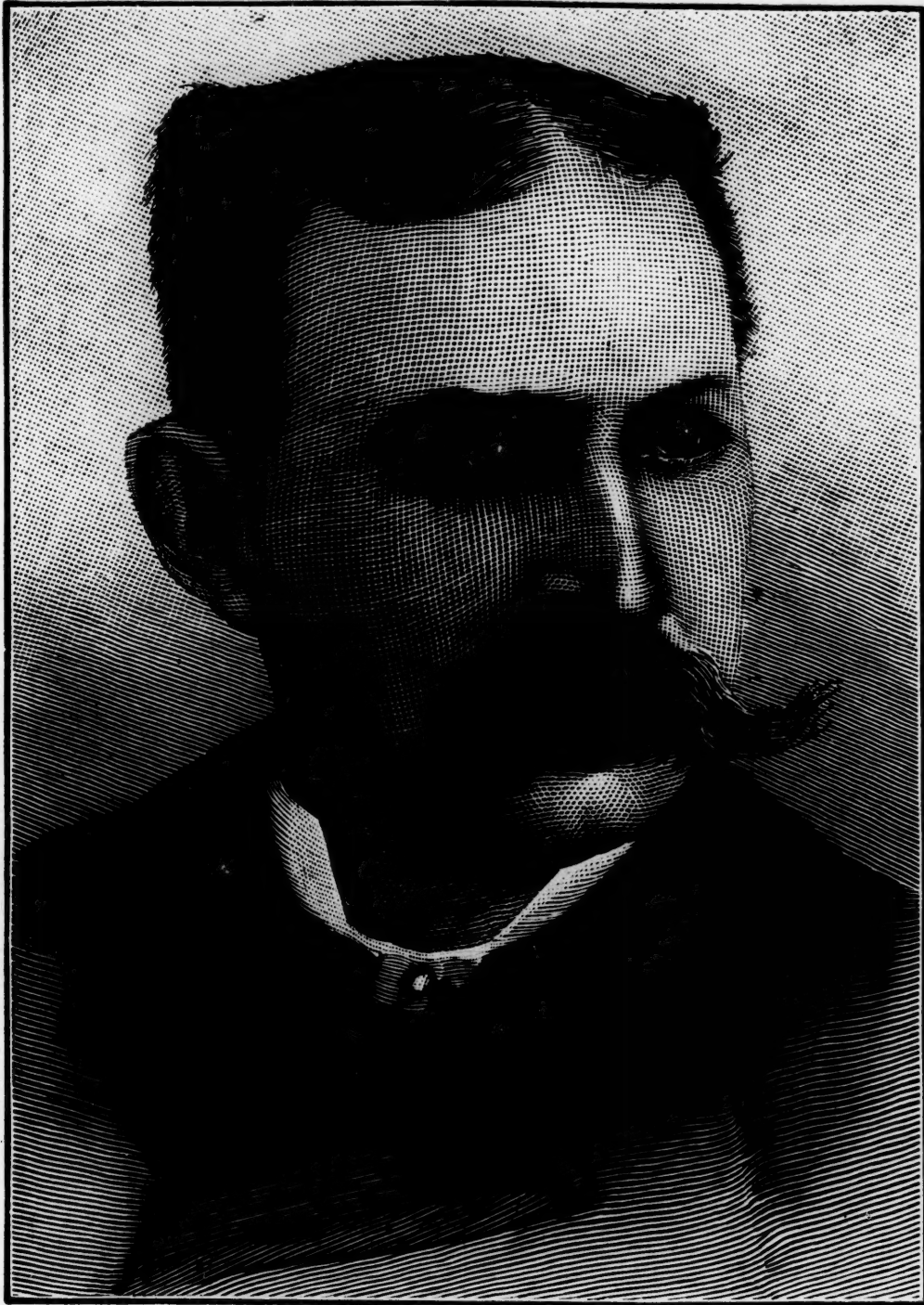
THEY HAD FIRE IN THEIR EYES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The editor of the Graphic-Sentinel, Cleveland, Ohio, was treated to a spicy little diversion the other evening, as a relief from the monotony of journalism, in the shape of a vigorous couching at the hands of two irate females who had taken offense in consequence of a paragraph which appeared in the Sentinel. He will recover.

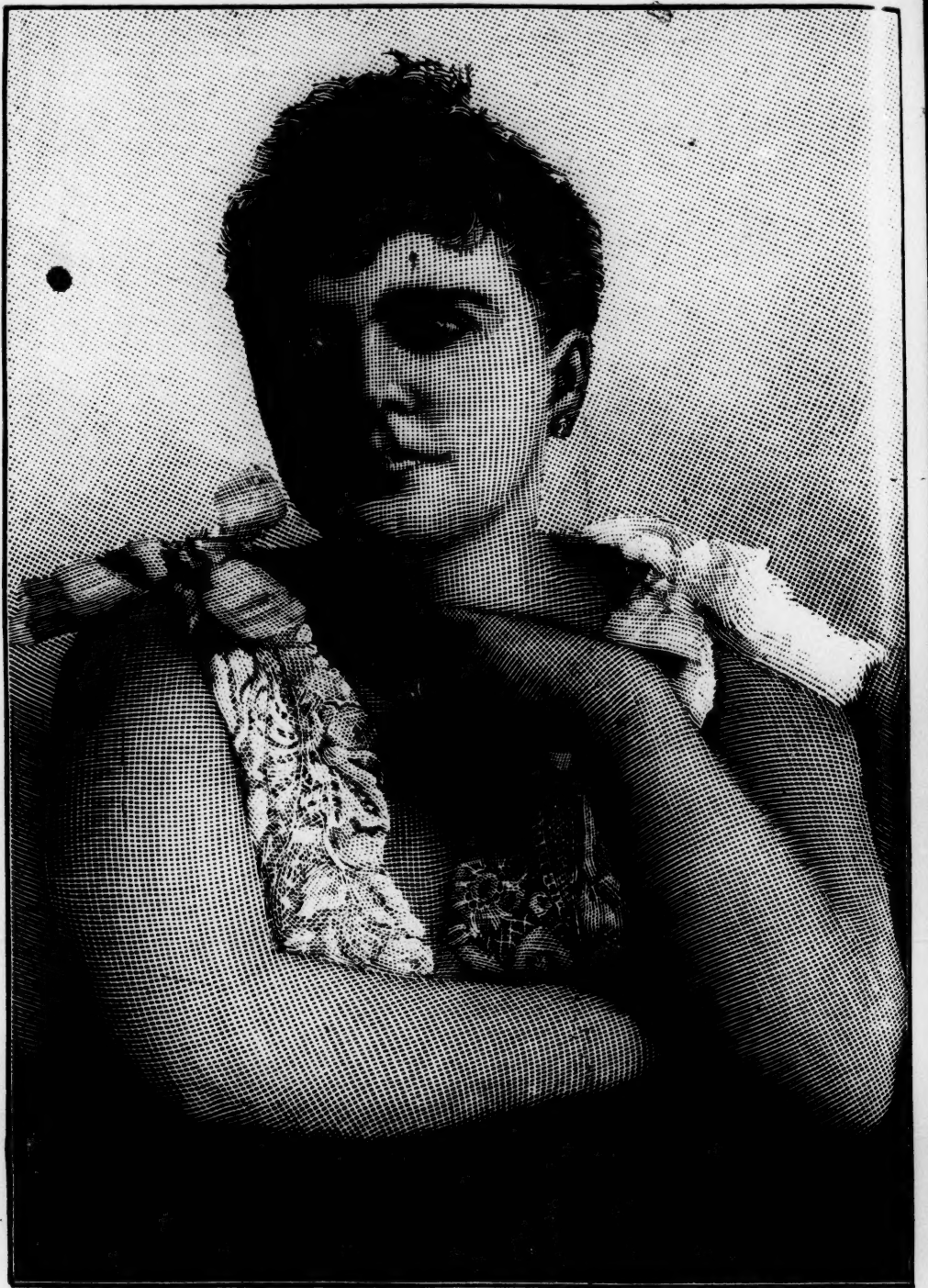
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EDWIN A. BULL,

THE HANDSOME AND POPULAR TREASURER OF THE LONDON THEATRE, NEW YORK.



PAULINE HALL,

THE WELL-KNOWN BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF BURLESQUE AND OPERETTE.



AN AMATEUR'S FRIGHTFUL DEATH;

FATAL ACCIDENT AT A CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL AT ORANGE, N. J., BY WHICH A YOUTH LOST HIS LIFE.



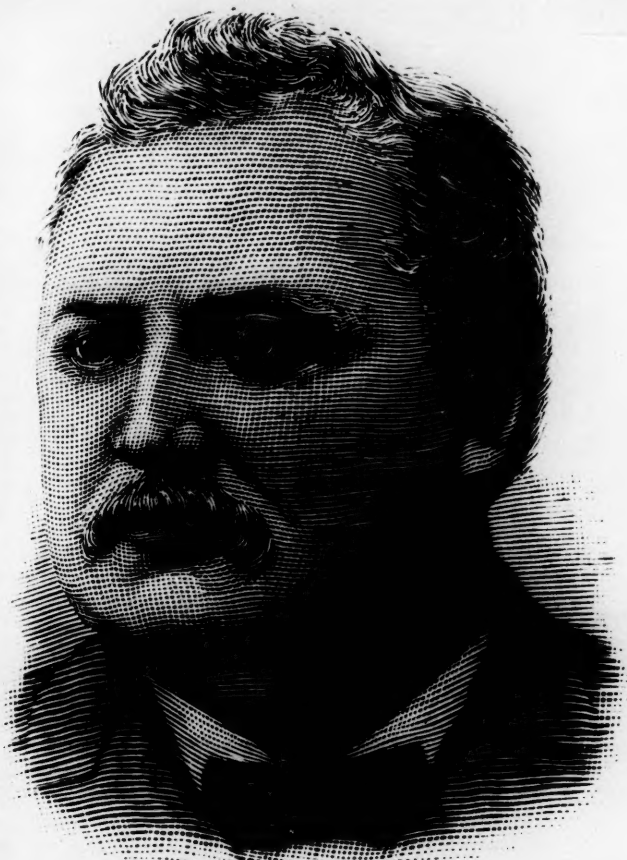
MURDERED HIS BROTHER.

TWO BOYS AT FANCY BLUFFS, GEORGIA, SAY THEIR PRAYERS AND THEN ONE SHOOTS THE OTHER'S HEAD OFF.

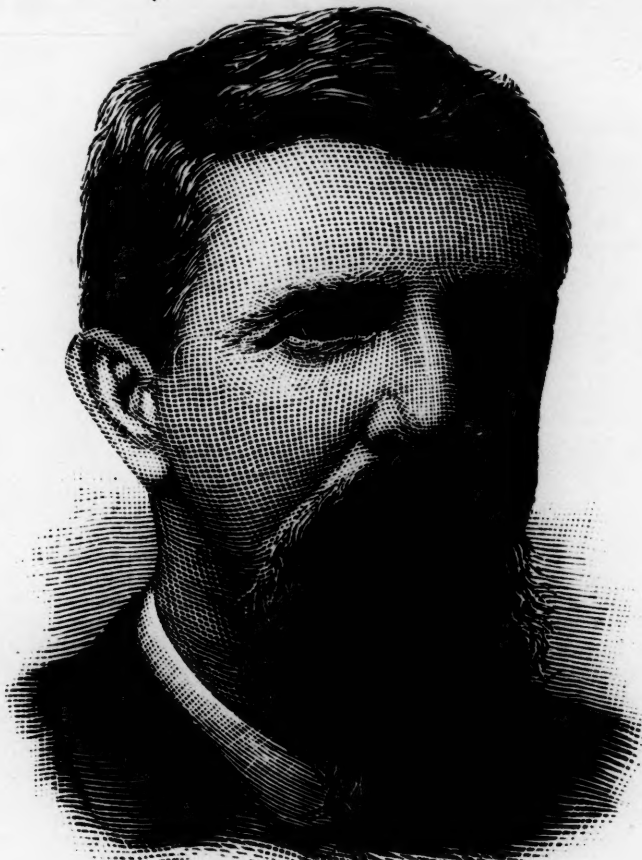


KILLED IN FUN.

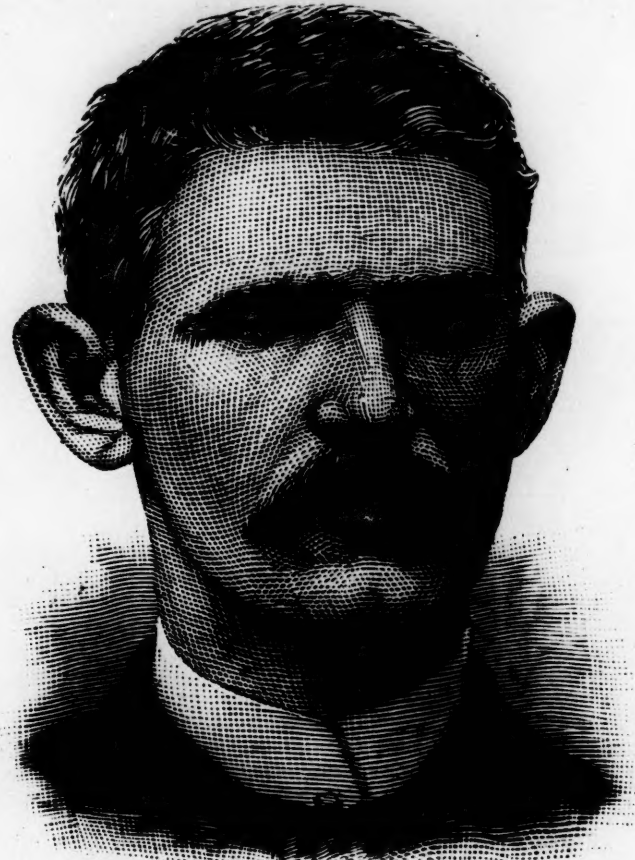
ELMER FRIEND OF WHEELING, W. VA., LOSES HIS LIFE BY A STONE PLAYFULLY TOSSED AT HIM BY HIS SWEETHEART.



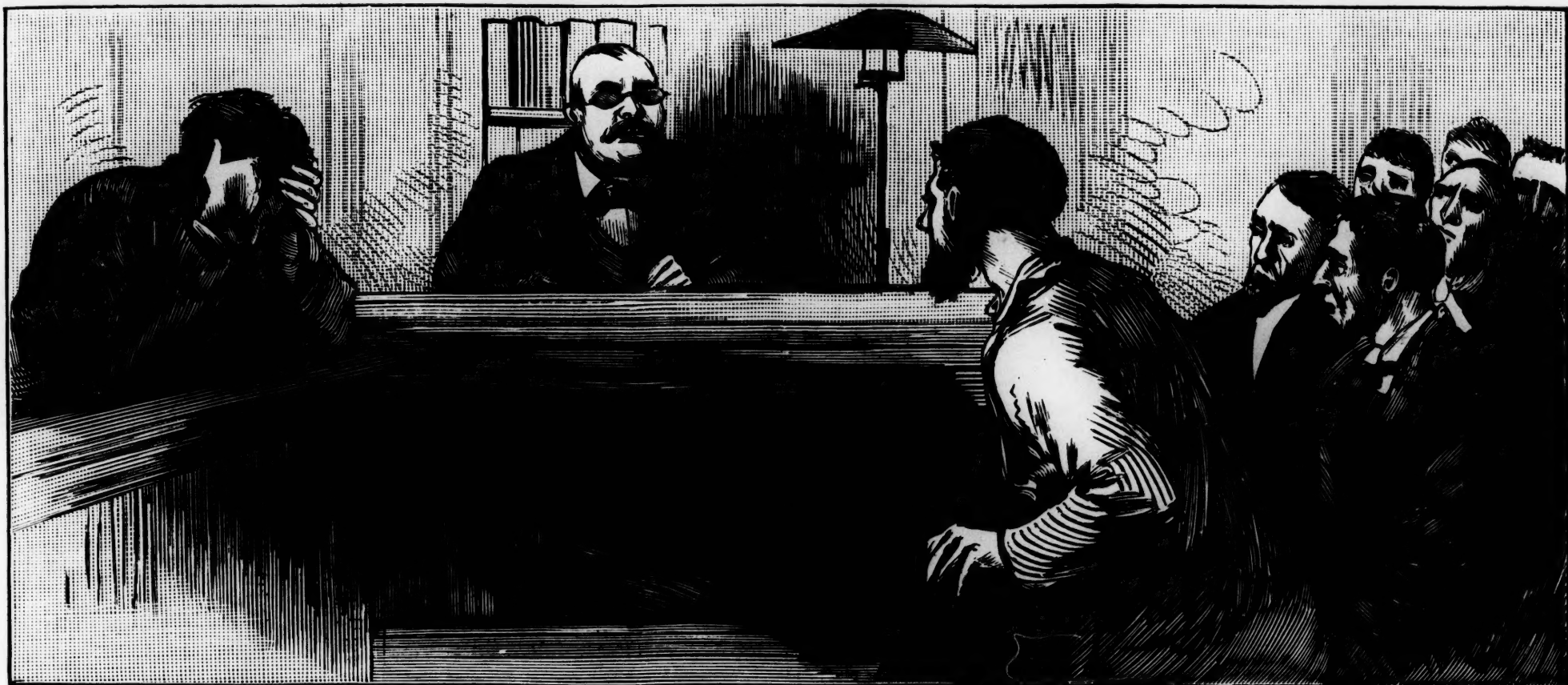
HON. WM. O. SCHMIDT,
SENATOR FROM DAVENPORT, IOWA, STRONG ANTI-PROHIBITIONIST,
ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR MEN IN THE STATE.



HON. AARON CUSTER,
SENATOR FROM MONROE, IOWA, AUTHOR OF THE LAW RELATIVE
TO THE SALE OF LIQUOR BY DRUGGISTS.

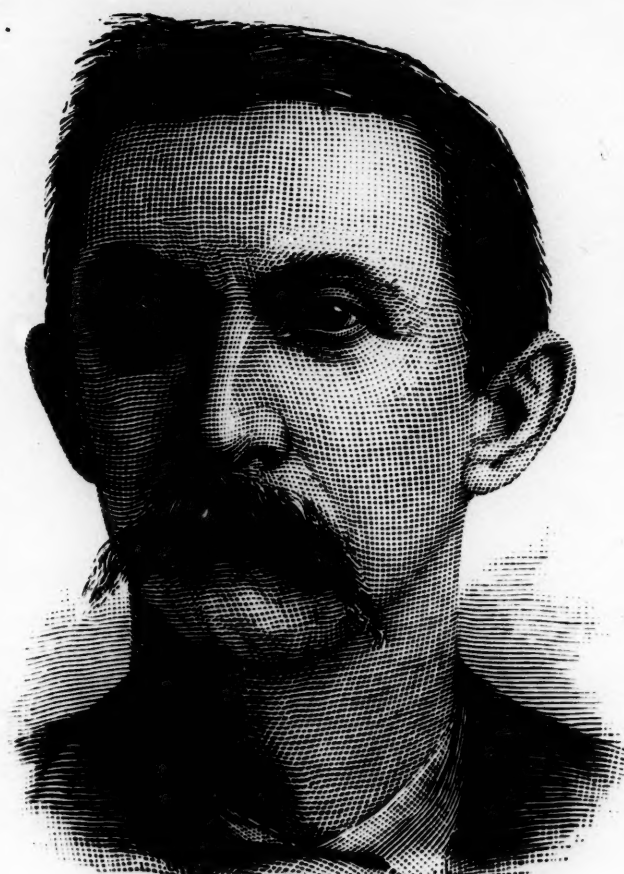


HON. TALTON E. CLARKE,
SENATOR FROM CLARINDA, IOWA, AUTHOR OF THE PROHIBITORY
LIQUOR LAW OF THE STATE.



NEVER TOLD A LIE, BUT TOOK THE BOODLE.

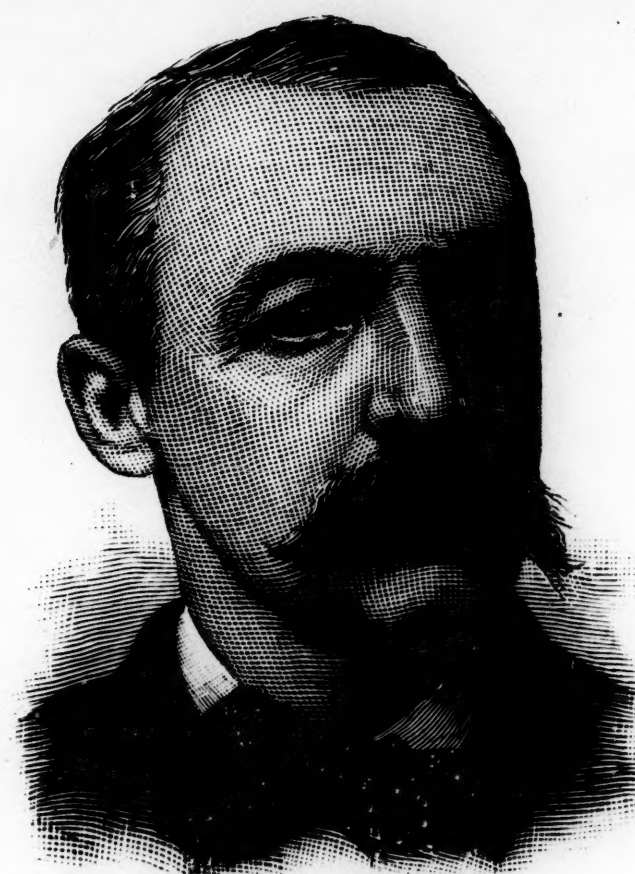
CONVICTION OF PROHIBITION CONSTABLE GEORGE WASHINGTON POTTS ON THE CHARGE OF BRIBERY IN THE DISTRICT CRIMINAL COURT AT DES MOINES, IOWA.



F. L. STUBBS,
LIQUOR DEALER OF DES MOINES, IOWA, WHO BAITED THE HOOK
THAT CAUGHT AND JAILED CONSTABLE POTTS.



HON. MARCUS KAVANAUGH,
THE JUDGE WHO TRIED THE CASE AGAINST CONSTABLE POTTS
FOR BRIBERY AT DES MOINES, IOWA.



DR. E. R. HUTCHINS,
COMMISSIONER OF BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS, IOWA, AND
FIRM FRIEND OF THE POTTS-PIERCE GANG.

GUILTY PASSION.

Ex-Mayor Langdon's Alleged
Unholy Infatuation for
Miss Philpott.

LOVE, LUST AND JEALOUSY.

Locking His Fair Paramour in a
Room to Keep Her From
Masculine Eyes.

A BIG DETROIT SCANDAL.



SCANDAL, the like of which has rarely ever cast its baleful influence over Detroit, Mich., has just come to light.

It is another case of an old gray-haired man's mad infatuation for a young girl.

He must be insane.

This man is none other than George C. Langdon, ex-Mayor of that city. He is one of Detroit's best known citizens. The young woman who figures in the scandal is only nineteen years of age. She is a foolish girl, though beautiful as Venus. She is tall and queenly, with a form that is divinity itself. Her hair is a beautiful golden and her complexion a pink and white. She is a woman with whom any man would fall in love with at first sight.

George C. Langdon met her, and from that moment she became his slave. When out of the city she was introduced as his wife, and while in the city detectives were hired to watch her every movement. She could not go out or talk to any one without it was reported to him, and she was always held to account for her actions. Langdon is a man who does not seem to know what the word morality means, although he is verging on to sixty years of age, and is the father of two daughters, who are both older than the girl who is the object of his unholy passion. Until he met her, it is said, she was a pure, innocent young creature, who had never done a harm in all her life. Now she is ruined, blackened and disgraced, but struggling with a brave heart to lead a good and honest life hereafter.

This is not Langdon's only escapade. He has committed acts before which can only be condemned and called scandalous in the extreme.

The story of how ex-Mayor Langdon met this young girl, who is at present figuring in Detroit's greatest sensation, is strange and romantic, but foretells the character of the man. Nearly two years ago an orphan girl came to this city from Mt. Clemens to accept a position as governess in the family of a millionaire lumberman, who lives on Woodward avenue, near Warren avenue. She was highly educated, and her beauty had attracted many admirers, who had made her offers of marriage before she came here. Her parents had died when she was young, and a prominent man of Mt. Clemens is her guardian. There she has considerable property in her own name. She knew the lumberman before she came here, and went to his home, not as servant, but she mingled with the family as one of themselves. She was beloved by all who knew her.

She was a foolish, inexperienced girl, however. About three months after she came here, she was returning home via a Woodward avenue car, George C. Langdon was also riding. A man considerably under the influence of liquor got on the car. He made a funny remark to the ex-mayor, and the girl laughed. This was enough for Langdon; he noticed that she was beautiful, and he decided to make a dash if possible. He smiled and after the drunken man got off the car, remarked:

"A man in my position is often bothered with these men."

She repeated that such a thing was possible, and he taking advantage of her good manner, commenced talking to her. She saw no harm in answering his



EX-MAYOR GEORGE C. LANGDON.

questions as he was old enough to be her grandfather.

"BOSS" SPORTING PAPER OF THE WORLD.

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He became bolder at being encouraged and finally took a seat beside her. She had been having some pictures taken and had the proofs in her hand. He asked her what she had and she told him. He asked to look at them and she allowed him. He was experienced at



MISS MAGGIE PHILPOTT, THE FAIR PLAINTIFF IN THE BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT.

firtings and finally entered into a comfortable conversation with her.

"You are a stranger in the city, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

They continued talking and he asked her name, and she told him Maggie. Before he left her he learned her history, where she was living, what she was doing and in fact everything he wanted to know. The next day he wrote her a letter asking her to meet him. She did not answer him or even respond. He then haunted the house in which she lived. At all times in the day he could be seen in that vicinity. He would walk up and down in front of the house and look with sad and mournful eyes toward the windows. He would send



MISS MAGGIE AND THE MAYOR OUT FOR A DRIVE.

her letters almost every day. One evening in answer to one of his many communications, she met him in front of the Methodist church on Woodward avenue. There he handed her his card. She turned over the wrong side and there saw written the name of a woman. She asked what that meant, and he blushed and said it was a woman who wanted to rent a house from him. He gave her another pasteboard on which was printed George C. Langdon. He told her he was an ex-mayor. She did not see any harm in what she was doing.

She thought of him as only a foolish old man. She was, however, the more foolish of the two. She did not stay talking to him long, although he implored her to. She went home and he wrote her the next day, asking her to go out riding with him. She met him surreptitiously, and from that moment dated her downfall. She says he promised to marry her. He induced her to leave her friends soon afterwards. She went to live on Barclay Place and met Langdon almost every night.

Langdon is a gay Lothario in every sense of the word. When he first met this girl his wife was still alive. She was away South on a trip for her health. When the report came a little less than a year ago that she was dying, he did not go to her himself but sent his brother. He was all the time meeting the girl who had so infatuated him, Langdon living at his home at 406 Lafayette avenue. He also had other rooms, and they were called his private apartments. He still retains them and has a telephone, the number of which is 363. They are located on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Brush street over Hayne's drug store. It was there he took the beautiful young girl. Nearly every night she would visit and remain until morning. At the house at which she was boarding she made the excuse, when she went there, that she would be away every night, as she was sleeping with a girl friend who was sick and resided on Jefferson avenue. Langdon was the girl's sick friend.

This continued right along until a few weeks ago.

He was of a very jealous disposition, and treated her shamefully during the past four or five months. He accused her of almost everything. Of one young man, who is a prominent member of the Elks, he was usually jealous. How he hired detectives to watch her and this young man is explained further on. He would lock her up in a room, and in fact, threaten to tie her to the bed post for safe keeping, so afraid was he that she would be taken away from him. It is said that on one occasion he did tie her down. She became afraid of him and feared he would kill her.

About three months ago Langdon's jealousy carried him so far that he decided to have his charming friend and young Elk, who was the cause of all his

troubles, watched. Langdon hired a go-between to secure a good detective on February 11 last. He did not want to get mixed up in the affair himself. The go-between went directly to see the young man Langdon wanted watched, and asked the name of a smart detective. He was referred to a man who is supposed to be the best in his line in the city. In a few days the pair were being shadowed. The young man tumbled, and called the detective aside and laid the game all open. He told him how much he was paid for shadowing him, which was \$15 as a starter. The young man promised to tell the detective every place they met, even to Langdon's movements, when he was with the girl. She would, of course, tell the gay Elk every place she went and he would tell the detective, and the news would finally reach Langdon. The detective was also informed beforehand of when Langdon and the girl intended going to the theatre or any place of amusement, and the consequence was that he would always be on hand, and even brush up against Langdon at places of amusement. The result was that Langdon thought the detective the greatest sleuth hound in existence.

The most sensational part of the whole liaison has been going on of late. On the first of March, Langdon left Detroit for Hot Springs, Ark., to spend a few weeks. He took the girl with him. They went direct from here to Hot Springs and put up at the Southern Hotel, Langdon registering the woman as his wife. They next went to the Springs and put up at the Avenue Hotel, also registering as man and wife. The *Daily Sentinel* of that city in the issue of March 5 publishes the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Langdon. She was introduced to everybody as his wife. He promised her before she accepted to go away with him that he would marry her, and her friends understood such to be a fact. He sent a postal to the house in which she lives in this city, dated March 7, saying that they were having a good time and that M— already acted like an old married woman.

While there, Langdon was very jealous of his supposed beautiful wife. She dared not look at anybody, although all the young men were dying for an introduction. He would lock her in her room and forbid her going out. He was afraid to introduce her to society and had her meals sent to her room after a certain occurrence. A fleshy gentleman sat across the table from her in the dining room one day, and he looked at her so much that it nearly drove him wild. He went and complained to the landlord about the impertinence of the man looking at his wife. Several De-

who was working every scheme imaginable to keep her out of the young man's way, found out that he had received them, and sent a man to question him. The Elk at this became indignant, and decided to inve-



EDWARD LEE.

gate how Langdon had intercepted his letters. He inquired of the postman who delivered his mail, and he denied all about it. He discovered, so it is claimed, that the man who is on Langdon's route sits next to his postman. He was a new man, who has not as yet been appointed. He was taken in hand and confessed all. He had taken the letters out of the next box, and whenever there was a letter from Middleport, why Langdon would be informed. He became afraid, however, that this Detroit Elk would devour his charmer, and to make matters worse he heard that he had gone to see her. Langdon therefore, a week ago Wednesday, buckled on his armor and started for Middleport to knock out the Elk, who, by the way, has three antlers. He feared he had gone grazing in New York State, and he went after him with a gun. He arrived there, but the Elk had failed to materialize. He had only gone to Cleveland. Langdon pulled a revolver on the girl while there, and threatened to make life a dreary waste to her if she did not return with him. She came, and arrived a week ago Friday night. She went to Barclay place, and since has refused to have anything to do with Langdon.

Miss Maggie Philpott is a lovely woman in all that the word implies, and would be taken at a glance for a lady of culture and refinement. Imagine, if you can, a tall, slender, willowy form; a face the contour of whose features is perfection; a pair of large blue eyes that glance up at you with a look that the most blasé man of the world could not call aught but innocent, combined with a movement as graceful as that of a fawn, and you have a picture of the vision of loveliness known to the world as Miss Maggie Philpott.

Speculation has been indulged in to considerable extent about town during the week as to who the gentleman could be who had caused the pangs of jealousy to shake up the ex-mayor's heart. A little inquiry developed the fact that it was the popular and well-known man about town, Ed. Lee. The attachment between Mr. Lee and Miss Philpott has been a very innocent one indeed; in fact a mere friendship.

The young lady declares she only wrote to Lee because she knew Langdon did not like him and because he drove her to it with his false and jealous accusations. She states she did not love Lee, only as a friend, nor did he her.

PROHIBITION-CURSED IOWA.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

The prohibition movement in Iowa has developed a set of sharks, who, under the guise of the law, have persecuted and blackmailed its citizens, until the very name of prohibition has become exceedingly obnoxious to the good people of that State. In Des Moines especially have this class of blackmailers, led by Constables Frank Pierce and Potts, thrived. Happily for the public, these two worthies have run to the end of their rope. Both have been brought up with a round turn. Potts was recently convicted of accepting bribes, and the penitentiary will shortly have him for an inmate. Pierce will, without doubt, follow his comrade in quick time, though "the mills of God grind slowly."

On another page we publish the portraits of Judge



THE OLD MAN ON HIS EAR.

Lodge of Elks has caused Langdon the most trouble, though.

A very funny story is told. Two weeks ago the Elk received two letters from the girl, who was then visiting at Middleport. Langdon.

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Marcus Kavanaugh, before whom Potts was tried, and those of Senator Talton E. Clark, author of the prohibitory liquor law in Iowa; Senator Wm. O. Schmidt, a strong anti-prohibitionist, whose strenuous opposition to this unreasonable enactment has made him a widely known and popular politician in all the leading cities of the State; also the portraits of Dr. E. B. Hutchins, a radical prohibitionist, the friend of the Potts and Pierce constabulary gang; and Hon. Aaron Custer, author of the present stringent law in Iowa relative to the sale of liquor by druggists, which is creating so much agitation and opposition at present.

DOUBLE MURDER.

Bushy Tract, Near Middleport, Pa., the Scene of a Terrible Crime.

THE PERPETRATOR CAUGHT.

The Murderer Confesses the Deed and is Promptly Jailed at Pottsville.

THE MURDERER'S STORY.

ON Saturday afternoon last Mrs. Anthony Putlavish and Miss Mary Keit were brutally murdered and their bodies nearly consumed in the house which they occupied near Middleport, Pa. The motive for the double crime was evidently to get possession of a considerable sum of money, stated to be over \$1,000, which was in the house. While this seemed to be well assured, the perpetrator of the crime had apparently accomplished his purpose in a manner as to leave no clue by which he could be detected. The unfortunate women were dead, and their remains charred by the burnt building, the money was gone or destroyed and the villain fled with such secrecy that it was not at the time possible to even direct suspicion to any one. The isolated site of the dwelling house greatly favored the escape of the culprit, and he might have escaped but for the net of his own weaving, into the meshes of which he almost immediately began to entangle himself and which effected his capture at Penn Haven Junction yesterday. The name of the murderer, who has confessed the commission of the double murder and arson is Peter Baranski. He is a native of Poland, born in the year 1862, unmarried, and has been living in this country about four months.

The initial clue which started suspicion in the direction that was afterward so successfully followed was due to the quick perception of Mr. George L. Moulson, a clerk in S. B. Briscoe's store at New Philadelphia. A man who was known as Joseph Lawrence, and employed at Big Vein colliery, had a debit on the books of the store of \$12.16 for a suit of clothes. Late on Saturday afternoon he entered the store and informed Mr. Moulson that he came to pay his bill. He also bought a hat and pair of boots, and in payment pulled out a handful of money, among which was conspicuous a \$20 gold piece. At that time the news of the crime had not reached New Philadelphia. Lawrence was free with his money, invited the clerk to take a drink, who refused, when the former went out of the store, and, again returning, expressed an intention to go up to Shenandoah. Moulson said he was going there later, and would go with him, and that the best way was to go to Pottsville, take the 5 o'clock train, and they would get there at 8 o'clock. Such an arrangement was determined on, but the clerk was delayed, and he did not see the supposed Lawrence again until yesterday. When the news of the tragedy reached New Philadelphia and the details were discussed, Mr. Moulson, who had been impressed with the liberal display of cash in the hands of a poor laborer, began to analyze many circumstances in connection with the visit, conversation and manner of Lawrence, which resulted in a strong suspicion and ultimate conviction that he was at least associated with the deed.

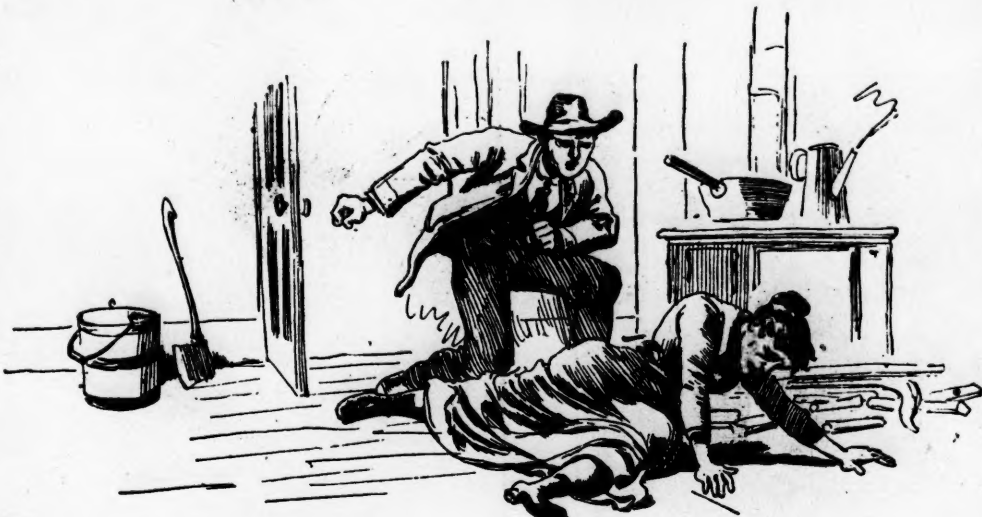
He communicated his suspicions to Con Boyer, of the P. & R. Coal and Iron Police, and subsequently the two, in connection with Officers John White, of the Pennsylvania, and C. K. Walton, of the P. & R. police, started in quest of the man who was then known to be a fugitive. They discovered that the so-called Lawrence, who is now known to be Peter Baranski, did not leave by the train on Saturday for Pottsville, but that he boarded a beer wagon, and rode as far as Port Carbon with the driver. It is not known where he spent his Saturday night, but Monday he reached Shenandoah, and was tracked to that place by the pursuers. He was not, however, located until yesterday morning, and when his stopping place was discussed it was found that he had left the place. Inquiry elicited the information that he had bought a shirt, collar and vest, and had applied at the ticket office at Brownsville for Buffalo or Chicago, but was told he would have to go to Lost Creek for it. Thither he proceeded, bought a ticket for Buffalo, and was on his way when the officers arrived at the latter point. They immediately sent dispatches to Mauch Chunk, Black Creek Junction, Penn Haven Junction and Wilkesbarre, describing their man and his crime, and requesting his arrest. In due time a dispatch was received from officer George E. McWilliams, of Mauch Chunk, that he had succeeded in stopping the fugitive at Penn Haven Junction, and thither the officers, accompanied by Mr. Moulson, proceeded.

They found their man, who was readily identified by Mr. Moulson, and the latter immediately began questioning him, speaking in the Polish tongue on the subject of murder. On the person of the prisoner was found a discharge from the Austrian army and this and afterwards his own admission fully established the fact that he had been using a false name, and that his real name was Peter Baranski. He at first denied all knowledge of the deed for which he was arrested, but upon being told that his connection with the crime

could be made clear, and being advised by Moulson to make a clean breast of it, he asked if they would let him go free if he told all he knew. He was told that he had nothing to expect from concealment, and therefore he made a confession of the crime.

He said he went up to the house of the Putlavishs. He was tired and wanted something to eat, and asked Mrs. Putlavish to give him some food. He said she

try about five months ago. I lived at Big Vein about three months. I worked at the Big Vein colliery, and boarded with Anthony Putlavish. On Saturday I went to get my pay, and came back to Putlavish's at noon. Nobody was home but Putlavish's wife. She began to scold me and said I was always calling her bad names and insulting her. She got mad at me and hit me with a poker on the nose. Then I got mad too and knocked



THE FIRST STEP IN THE BRUTE'S WORK.

told him to go away, she would give him nothing, and on his refusing struck him in the face with a poker. (He afterwards said with a potato masher), whereupon he struck her with a rock and killed her. He then took some money from a trunk and set fire to the house. As he was leaving, another woman came up and he asked her to help him put out the fire; she said: "I'm going to have you arrested for this," and then he hit her and knocked her down. The prisoner was taken to Middleport and arraigned before Justice Winlack, who, after hearing the testimony of the captors and the admissions of the prisoner, he committed the accused to the county jail for trial. He was brought to Pottsville on the P. & R. train by Officers Boyer, White and McWilliams. Only a small portion of the money lost was recovered from the prisoner.

There was in the house at the time the crime was committed \$1,550 in paper money and gold. The prisoner delivered to Officer Boyer \$125.35 and admitted to spending \$33.91, detailing with greatest exactness the cost of each item, as follows: Suit of clothes, \$12.16; shoes, \$3; hat, \$2; ticket for Buffalo, \$8.75, and for meals, drinks and traveling, \$8. He says he did not go up stairs after the murder, and here most of the money was concealed. If the prisoner's statement is trustworthy, most of the money was consumed by fire, and if plunder was really the object of the crime, he got but a very small portion of the tempting bait.

A reporter visited the prisoner in his cell last night. He was lying upon his couch partly undressed when the reporter entered. He sat up at once and became very much agitated. He volunteered, without hesitation, to tell his story, as he had already acknowledged

her down with my fist and she began to hallow. I only hit her once. I got frightened then and ran out of the house. I saw a lot of old stuff lying there and set it on fire with a match. Then I hurried into the house and tried to get Mrs. Putlavish out. I saw she was



THE MURDERER GOES THROUGH THE TRUNK.

dead. A woman who lived next door came running in and she said, "Why Pete, what do you mean, I will have you arrested." Then she hit me, and I knocked her down, too. I carried two trunks out of the house then and got \$180 out of one of them. Then I tried to get the women out of the house, but the blaze came in my face and I ran away. That is all I know. I did not use the axe on either of the women. The axe was lying there, and I used it in trying to get a door open.

When asked how he accounted for the blood on his clothes, he said the blood came from the wound on his nose. He could not say how it got on his shirt, unless when wiping his wound with his handkerchief it dropped down his sleeve. After he had committed the deed he says he went to New Philadelphia, and then came to Pottsville and stayed here Saturday night. He says he went from here to Shenandoah, where he remained Sunday and Monday, and yesterday morning took the train for Buffalo. His subsequent movements as detailed by himself do not differ materially from the story of the officers given above.

Baranski says the crime was not committed for money. "If that was the case," said he, "I would have robbed the other house, too. I was excited, and then I got frightened at what I had done, and set fire to the house."

Baranski fully realizes his position, and says he expects he will have to hang. It was about 10 o'clock Tuesday night when a reporter left the cell of Baranski, the confessed murderer of Mrs. Putlavish and Mary Keit. His crime did not weigh so heavily upon his mind as to disturb his sleep,



MURDER AND INCENDIARISM.

having committed the crime. He is not as fiendish-looking as the hideousness of his crime would suggest, but when his temper is unruined is a quiet and ordinarily humane-looking Polisher. He weighs about 170 pounds, stands five feet seven inches, and has a round



THE MURDERER BEFORE THE POLICE.

smooth face, that might be called good looking. He speaks no English. The story given to the reporter was obtained through the aid of an interpreter. It will be observed that this story differs in some material points from the facts stated above, and which have been corroborated by other testimony. The prisoner's story is as follows:

"I was born in Poland in 1862, and came to this coun-

as he reported Wednesday morning as having had a

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reasonably good night's rest. He had regained his self-possession and the agitated look that he wore when he was assigned to his cell had disappeared. He requested Warden Toole to give him some work to do, as he didn't want to be idle. He said he could mend shoes, and wanted to be assigned to duty at once. The Warden told him he had no work for him at present. The trial of Baranski will likely come off at the July term. His confession cannot be used against him, as it was not wholly voluntary.

THE LION OF THE OCCASION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

After the great race for the Brooklyn Derby, run at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track on May 22, Jimmy McLaughlin, who rode Sir Dixon, although he did not win the race, met with a flattering reception by his many admirers who witnessed his excellent riding. On returning from the paddock he mounted the grand stand with a case, in which was the "Police Gazette" diamond whip, which represents the jockey championship of America.

Several ladies of Brooklynswell had requested the champion to show them the valuable trophy, which Jimmy did with charming grace. Our artist portrays the scene on another page.

It is needless to say that the diamond-studded gold and silver trophy attracted great attention.

The champion diamond whip is three feet long, three inches in diameter, and is made out of solid gold and silver. On the handle of the whip is a solid gold fox head with diamond eyes, fastened into a big horseshoe made of solid gold. On one side of the horseshoe is a portrait of Jimmy McLaughlin, and on the reverse side is a portrait of the donor.

Both sides of the horseshoe, which is nearly two inches long and one inch wide, are studded with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. In the centre of the whip is a miniature race course of solid gold, on which are raised horses and jockeys, also in solid gold.

Precious stones and brilliants ornament the end of the whip, from which projects a red and blue sash, emblematic of the Dwyer Bros' racing colors, which McLaughlin has so often sported first past the "wire."

On top of the whip, set in solid gold block letters, is the inscription: "The Richard K. Fox Diamond Whip, Representing the Jockey Championship of America." The whip cost over \$1,000, and it is the most valuable trophy ever offered for competition in this country or ever in England.

GOT WHAT HE WANTED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It is alleged that John Stevens, of the Stevens theatrical company, had a lively set-to recently with a bartender of the Clifton House, Ottawa, Ill. It seems that Stevens and the bartender had a few words over some trivial matter, and to avoid trouble he left the hotel. He was followed by the mixer of gin slugs, and on looking around beheld his assailant with a revolver in hand. Mr. Stevens, who is considerable of an athlete, sprang upon his adversary, disarmed him, succeeded after a brief struggle in throwing his foe, and, it is said, administered a little punishment.

KILLED IN FUN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A gay party of young folks, among them Elmer Friend and Mary Ingold, went out for a stroll along the valley of Fishing Creek, in Wetzel county, yesterday, says a Wheeling, W. Va., special, May 21. In an hour Mr. Friend was being carried to his home, a corpse. While Friend was bailing out a skiff Miss Ingold, in sport, picked up a small stone and tossed it toward him, intending to have it fall in the water and splash Friend. The wind changed the course of the stone and it struck Friend on the back of the head. He fell, and was dead in two minutes.

RIPE FOR LYNCHING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The village of Lakeside, near Muskegon, Mich., is all aflame and ready for a lynching party. A few days ago a tramp found Mrs. Gail alone in her house, and desperately assaulted her. The woman resisted him, but barely escaped with her life. A posse is scouring the country in search of the tramp, and it is possible that he will be lynched if caught.

AN AMATEUR'S FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jose del Valle, Jr., age fourteen, a son of Jose del Valle, a wealthy Cuban, living in Orange, N. J., died on Sunday of injuries received in an accident at the private school of J. V. N. Dorr, at Montrose, on Saturday. He was taking part in a tableau in a play, when his clothing caught fire from the foot-lights.

A QUICK CROP.

Converting a Load of Muck Into Money.

Farmers know well enough that a grain of wheat planted in good, rich soil will bring forth a multitude of grains, but it seldom happens that a dollar planted even in the purest of fertilizers will produce as rich a harvest as that reaped by a Washingtonian the other day. A *Star* reporter happened yesterday to meet Mr. J. W. Yates at his sales stables, 612 G street, and while there some inquiry was made as to his good fortune in securing a prize of \$15,000 from The Louisiana Lottery at the last drawing. Mr. Yates seemed perfectly willing to talk about his good luck.

"A colored man came into my stables a few weeks ago," he said, "and paid me for a load of manure I had sold him some days before. He gave me a dollar, and with this in my pocket I was on the street a little while afterward, when I met a fellow whom I know with some lottery tickets to sell. I buy one occasionally, and so, happening to think of the dollar, which was as good as won, I told him to give me a ticket. He pulled one from a bundle, and I paid him for it and put it in my pocket. The drawing, I believe, took place on the 8th of this month, and when the paper came out with the lists in I glanced at them, but without thinking of my ticket. In fact I was looking for news from the Pimlico races, with an idea that perhaps I might have won \$16 for \$1 on one of the races. Of course I saw that the ticket numbered 55,315, which was the number on mine, had drawn the capital prize of \$150,000. I did not believe then that it amounted to anything; but I took the ticket down to the bank and told them to put it in with my deposit, and if there was anything in it there might be some good holding on to it. The money came a few days afterward—a New Orleans National Bank check for \$15,000—my ticket drawing one-tenth of the capital prize. It came by Adams Express, and I paid the charges and got the money. That is the whole story."—*Washington (D.C.) Star*, May 23.

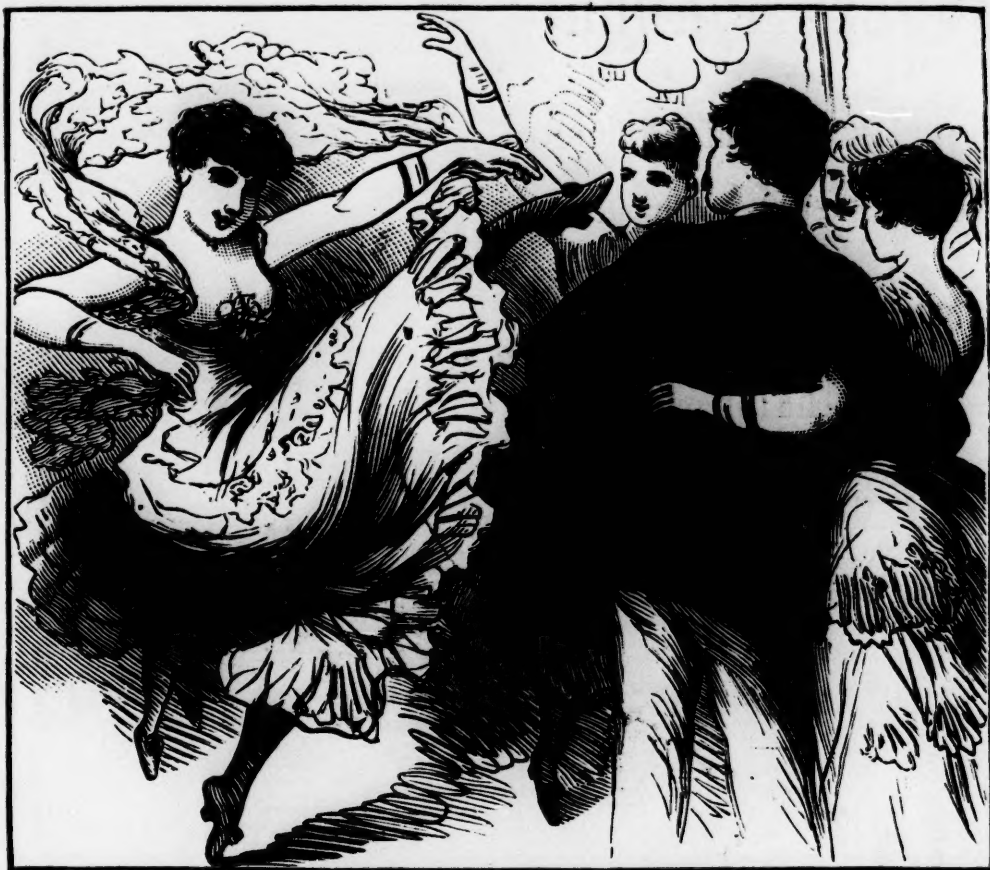
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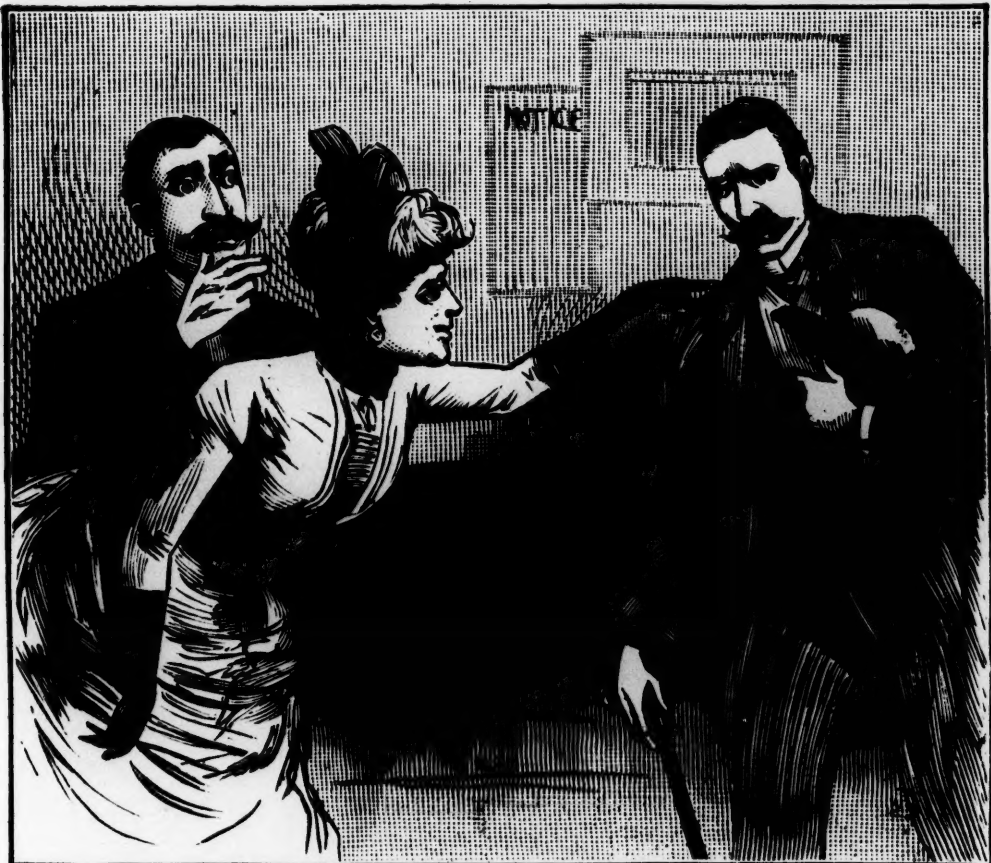
A TOUGH ADVERSARY.

A WOODFORD, VERMONT, MAN WHILE TIPSY ATTEMPTS TO KNOCK OUT A STUMP, BUT KNOCKS OUT HIMSELF.



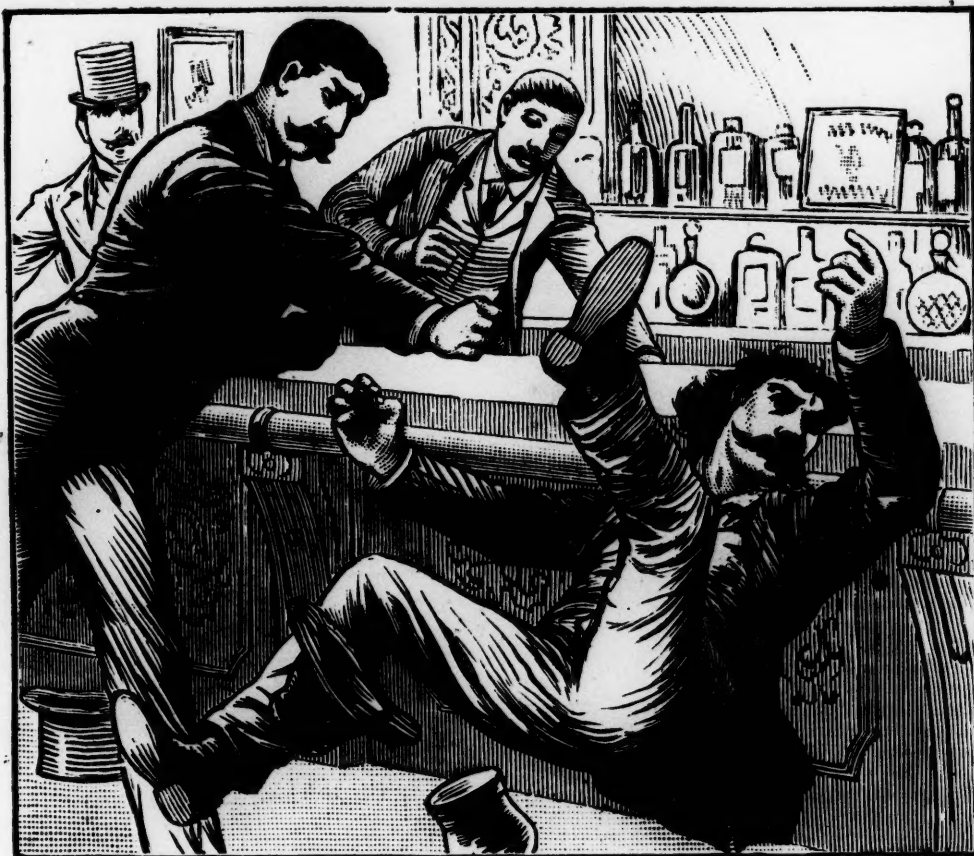
DEMI-MONDAINES ON A LARK.

A SWELL BALL GIVEN AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, IS ENLIVENED BY THE LACE SHAWL AND CANCAN DANCES.



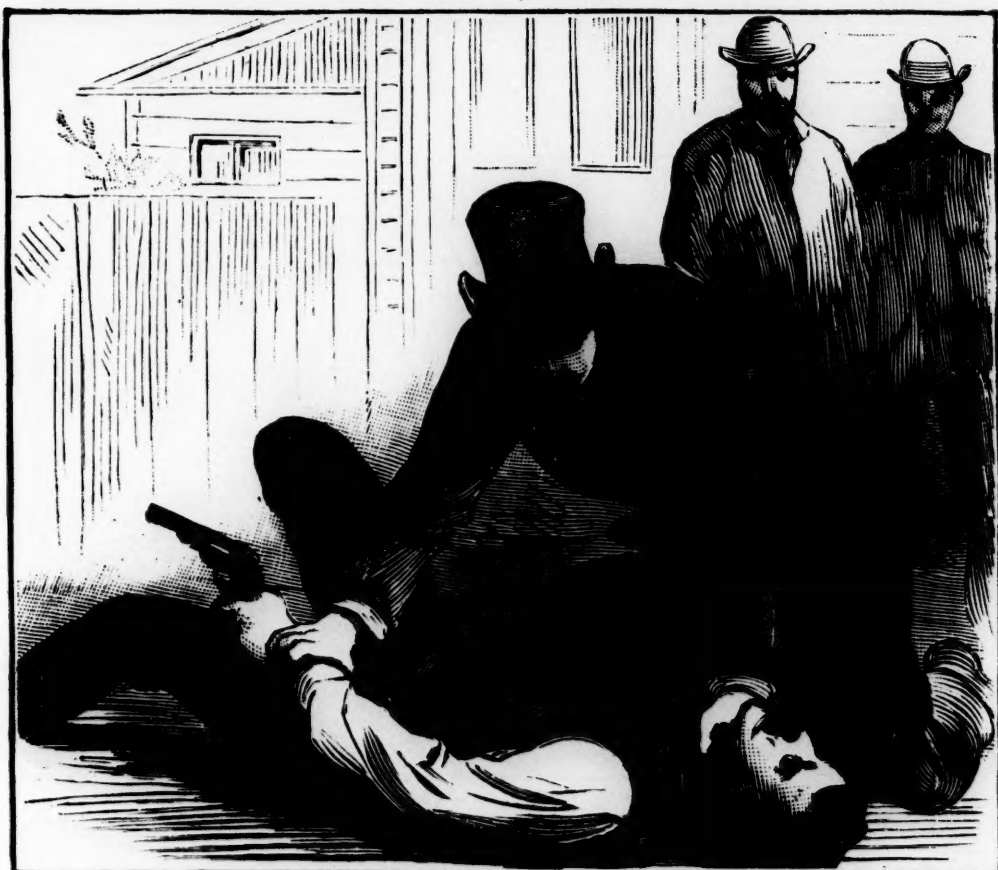
"OH, HOW I LOVED POOR NAT."

THE NOTORIOUS WOMAN IN THE HATCH TRAGEDY MAKES A SCENE IN THE THIRTIETH STREET POLICE STATION.



"I CAN SHOOT."

HOW FRED MAY OBLIGED A FIERY SOUTHERNER WHO WAS IN SEARCH OF GORE AT THE NEW YORK HOTEL.



GOT WHAT HE WANTED.

ACTOR JOHN STEVENS KNOCKS OUT AN OFFENSIVE BAR TENDER OF THE CLIFTON HOUSE, OTTAWA, ILLINOIS.



BELLIGERENT KNIGHTS OF THE QUILL.

EDITOR MURRAY OF PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS, GIVES HIS NEIGHBOR, EDITOR NEW-MAN, A BLACK EYE.



THE BALD KNOBBERS.

THE BLOODY PERPETRATORS OF THE GREENS-EDEN MURDER AND OTHER CRIMES IN CHRISTIAN COUNTY, MISSOURI,
RECENTLY CAPTURED BY SHERIFF Z. A. JOHNSON.

PUGILISTIC.

Joe McAuliffe to be Backed to Fight Any Man in America.

GLOVE CONTESTS AT RICHMOND.

James Walsh, who keeps the Commercial Hotel at Honolulu, writes that he boxed with Slade, Burke and Prof. Jackson, and that the latter is miles ahead of either Slade or Burke.

At Belleville, N. J., on May 21, Peter Causfield and Young McGuigan fought. In the 9th round McGuigan got in an upper-cut on Causfield's jaw and laid him out. This was the desired finish, and McGuigan got the money.

Harry Maynard, the popular sporting man of the Pacific Coast, has opened the Derby saloon, No. 14 Mason street, San Francisco. Prof. Jackson, Patsy Gorman, and Tom Meadows, the famous Australian champions, make Maynard's their headquarters while in San Francisco.

Doc Toner, the well-known sporting man, is backing Mike Cleary in the latter's match with Pete Nolan, which battle is to be decided at Louisville. Cleary has not done much in a fist way for over a year, and when he left off he had mended his reputation considerably. Since then he has taken care of himself. At present he is working at his trade of horse-shoeing, and thereby strengthening the muscles of his right arm, which put Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, to sleep in 15 seconds, and many other pugilists. Cleary at one time could whip any man in the world that he could jolt with his right, and he evidently thinks that he can put it on Nolan with ease.

And now the N. Y. "Sun" says: "Kilrain would come as near making a fair, stand-up fight with Sullivan as any man living, and an encounter between them would, in all probability, be the greatest fist event in American history." The paragraph is well enough if it is reversed. It would be more like the truth if it read, "Sullivan might come near beating Kilrain if they ever met." Anyway, the POLICE GAZETTE champion is willing to fight Sullivan under the London ring rules for \$10,000 a side in six months, and the only proviso he makes is that the fight must take place west of the Missouri river.

At Boston, on May 24, Jack Havlin and Frank Murphy, the feather-weight champion of England, met and made a match for a \$1,000 a side fight to a finish, with skin tight gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Each side deposited \$500 as a forfeit and agreed to leave the stakes open to \$3,000 a side, in case either party wished to make a raise. The fight is to occur within ten weeks from May 24, and is to be fought not over 500 miles from Providence, R. I., and outside the State of Rhode Island, which means it will take place in or near Boston. After the fight the winner will challenge the "Spider," who is now laid off with a broken leg, for the championship of the world. The men are to fight at 118 pounds.

John Fleming, manager of Jem Smith, the English champion, publishes the following card in the *Sporting Life*: "Jem Smith is the undoubted champion pugilist of England, and no other man can claim that title unless he can take it from him. There cannot be two champions in one country; therefore Jem Smith will defend his title against any Britisher, bar none. We are now waiting for Jackson, the Australian champion, to cover the \$500 which you hold and which has been in your hands since last January for Sullivan to cover; but should any Englishman think himself capable of wrestling the championship from its legitimate owner let him cover the \$500." The card is worded carefully, and the word Englishman bars Kilrain, who is an American, from not being.

At Des Moines, Iowa, on May 21, George Jubb and Billy Inman, the former weighing 151 pounds, and the latter 170 pounds, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse. After six rounds had been well contested, Jubb complained of a severe pain in his side, so the fight was stopped by Jubb agreeing to give Inman the fight at the present time, but the fight will be fought over again and to a finish with the same gloves (which are four ounces) inside of three weeks. Neither man looked the worse after the fighting, except Inman had a black eye and Jubb had a swollen cheek, although the most severe blows Jubb received were on the body, and which his shirt effectively hid from spectators. The coming contest is looked forward to with great interest, as each man is confident of winning.

The glove fight, for \$200 and gate money, between Bill Dunn, of Brooklyn, and Christy Watson, of Syracuse, was decided at Hoosier Corners, N. Y., on May 22. The first round was hard fought from beginning to end. In the second first blood was given to Watson. First fall claimed by Watson in third round. Dunn said he slipped. Watson was knocked down in the fifth round. In the seventh the men clinched, and some of the crowd jumped into the ring. Both men appeared badly punished and exhausted in the eighth and last round. Dunn received a blow in the jaw, and, rushing at Watson, landed, and knocked him out. Mike Lueke, the middle-weight pugilist of Troy, was chosen referee. Jack Dugan, of Troy, and Tom Campbell, of Philadelphia, seconded Watson, while Jack Harding, of Philadelphia, and Jack Williams, who is training at Hoosier Falls for his fight with Frank Murphy, a recent arrival from England, looked after Dunn.

A special from What Cheer to the "Daily Leader," Des Moines, says: The hardest pugilistic contest ever fought in the State was witnessed near here Sunday by some three or four hundred people. The contestants were Harry Martin, light-weight of the State, and Billy Samuels, familiarly known among sporting men as "The Dog." Martin weighs 132 pounds and Samuels 165. They fought to a finish in skintight gloves, twenty-nine rounds, London prize ring rules, eighteen-foot ring. The fight lasted 31 minutes. Martin was too much for Samuels, but the latter showed great pluck and received a terrible punishment. He was carried off the ring at the end of the twenty-ninth round and was unable to come to time when the thirtieth was called. Martin was seconded by Frank Owens, of North English, late champion heavy-weight of Montana, and Samuels was seconded by Martin Tuohy, champion middle-weight of New Jersey. Mike Carr of this city acted as referee. The affair was kept very quiet, the authorities having had no intimation of it until it was all over.

Patsy Hogan, the well-known sporting man of San Francisco, in a recent special to this paper, says: "A syndicate of sporting men of this city will back Joe McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast to fight any man in America, according to 'Police Gazette' or London prize ring rules, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side, the fight to be decided on each side, or in public. McAuliffe does not bar any man in America at the present time, and will allow expenses to San Francisco of any pugilist who may accept his challenge. The backers of McAuliffe will be satisfied to have Richard K. Fox hold the stakes, providing he will agree to do so." The plucky offer of the admirers of the conqueror of Paddy Ryan and Frank Glover will no doubt make Mike Conley, Patsy Cardiff, Joe Lannon, Pat Killen, Jack Ashton and John L. Sullivan prick their ears, and if they are eager for business there is not the least doubt that they can quickly ratify a match with the Pacific Slope champion. McAuliffe's backers, it is understood, are members of the California Athletic Club, who think him superior to any pugilist in the world with the exception of Kilrain.

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The following dispatch from Harry Maynard, San Francisco, was received at this office recently:

Tom Meadows, the light-weight champion of Australia, has arrived in this city from Sydney, N. S. W. He is under the management of Harry Maynard, who offers to back the Australian against any man in America at 133 pounds for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship. Meadows has a first-class record, as will be seen by the following: He is twenty-five years of age; was born in Sydney. He stands 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs, in condition, 138 pounds. The following is his Australian record, which dates from April, 1886: April 2, beat Barrington in 3 rounds; April 16, beat Bathgate, 3 rounds; May 29, beat Deerfoot, 4 rounds; June 5, beat Pablo Fanquer, 4 rounds; bested Snow in 4 rounds, June 19; beat J. Brown in 3 rounds, July 17; October 13, beat Deerfoot, 2 rounds; Nov. 6, beat Black Sam, 3 rounds; Nov. 13, beat Snow, 4 rounds; April 27, 1887, beat J. Fuller, 9 rounds, for a stake of £50; Sept. 14, beat Jack Baxter, 17 rounds, for a stake of £50. Tom Meadows is the light-weight champion of Australia, having won the title from Jack Hall, who refused to defend it. McAuliffe, Daly, Myers and the balance of the light-weights will now have an opportunity to arrange a match.

The most terrific mill ever witnessed in Northwest-ern Nebraska was decided at Newport, Neb., recently. The principals were two well-known local heavy-weights, Peter Hamilton and Pat Boyle. Bad blood has existed for some time between the men, and a meeting in the 16-foot ring, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, was the result. Both men were in the pink of condition. Peter Hamilton tipped the beam at 161, and Boyle stripped at 158. The fight took place at a well-known club room in the city. At 10:30 P. M. Boyle shied his castor in the ring, and was quickly followed by Hamilton. John Ross, a well-known sporting man, was chosen referee, and on time being called both men took the scratch. Boyle wore a determined look, while Hamilton smiled confidently at his adversary. Boyle sparred for an opening and led with his left, landing on Hamilton's nose, but received a stinger on his left eye in return. Some light exchanges took place, when time was called. In rounds 2, 3, 4 and 5, the men warmed up to their work, and it was given and taken, some terrible hitting being done. Rounds 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 were repetitions of the first, Hamilton weakening under the terrific blows of Boyle, but he took his punishment like a man. The fight continued for 23 rounds, when Boyle, who had everything his own way, swung a terrific right-hander on Hamilton's jugular. Hamilton fell to the floor like a log, remaining unconscious, when his seconds threw up the sponge, and the fight was given to Boyle.

At Richmond, Va., on May 22, there were several glove contests. The first was between Jim Brady of Buffalo and Dutch Hanley of Manchester. They fought four rounds, in which Brady proved the winner. The next contest was between Professor Marcellus Baker, who claims to be the light-weight champion of New England, and George Isaac, who is conceded to be the best middle-weight in Virginia. The referee decided it a draw. Baker then advanced to the footlights and offered to fight any man whose weight was not over 135 pounds. Carey Traube of Richmond responded, and as he made his way to the stage he was greeted with applause. Having divested himself of his coat and vest, he and Baker walked to the middle of the stage and began. In the first round both men did some hot work, it being give and take at clinching and slugging until they were pulled apart. Baker did the best work. In the second round the battle became furious and the crowd uproarious, many of them standing upon the chairs. Baker knocked his man down and was going to pound him as he got up, but as Traube's second helped him up Baker waited for him and the two went at work in fine style until some one walked across the stage and hit Brady, who was Baker's second. This caused the greatest confusion, many of the crowd mounting the stage, and a free fight seemed imminent, when the police came out of the files and stopped the fight. Such a scene has not been witnessed in Richmond for a quarter of a century.

As John L. Sullivan is now a much-talked-of individual throughout the country, the following comments regarding him will be of interest:

Cleveland Plaindealer: "Sullivan has joined a circus. Why, he is a circus himself."

Omaha Bee: "Sullivan will be the clown and Pat Sheedy the mule in Dorris' circus."

New York World, May 22: "Boston now refers to her pugilistic prince as John L. Circusman."

The New York Herald wants to know if John L. Sullivan is to fill the position of clown in Dorris' circus.

Omaha Herald: "Who ever supposed Sullivan the slugger would become a circus performer? The once mighty has fallen."

Evening World, May 21: "Sluggish Sullivan has found his level as a circus proprietor. John is a pretty good circus all by himself, when he has a gallon of tanglefoot aboard."

The N. Y. Morning Journal on May 22 published the following: "At last John L. Sullivan has found his proper place. He will travel with a circus and be the greatest freak in the side-show."

Chicago Daily News: "Water finds its level, and Sullivan has drifted into a circus ring. What will be his line, leading the elephants, playing the clown or exhibiting the mule in his antics?"

Evening News, Buffalo: "Kilrain's offer to fight Sullivan for \$5,000 a side has not been a great surprise to the sports. Sports who saw both international fights have expressed themselves as being confident of Kilrain going up the big fellow. The general opinion here is that Sullivan will never enter a ring with Kilrain, the POLICE GAZETTE champion."

Macon in the Evening Sun, May 21: "As Mr. John L. Sullivan just now hasn't any more money than an able-bodied Jackass can back down hill in a stout cart, the report that he has bought an interest in Mr. John B. Dorris' circus is premature. Besides, if current report is true, there isn't any such circus as Dorris' just at present."

The New York Morning Journal, May 24, under the caption "Were They Afraid of John L." says: "When Sullivan arrived in the Quaker City the reporters of the local papers were invited to walk up and interview him, but they firmly yet respectfully declined. It is stated that the good editors in the City of Brotherly Love were averse to giving any more notoriety to the king of sluggers, hence the reporters' refusal to write him up."

Albany (N. Y.) Express: "A negro boxer and heavy-weight pugilist has done John L. Sullivan the honor of challenging him. George Godfrey is the name of this gentleman of color; and many a Caucasian still recalls the vigor of his blows. If Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan will only accept, and if the kindly fates will only see to it that he is neatly wiped out by an American—and that man a negro—the general public will experience a distinct feeling of pleasure and relief."

The N. Y. Morning Journal, May 23, publishes the following poetic effusion, which we would not be surprised to see set to music by some of our local comedians:

TWO VIEWS OF JOHN L.

When Sluggish John L. in the circus appears,
And is greeted with salutes of deafening cheers,
As he toys with the elephants, boxing their ears,
He's on very good terms with himself,
But when he is fitfully tossing in bed,
The day after painting the town a fierce red,
And finds that his hat is too small for his head,
Then he's not on good terms with himself.

Philadelphia Evening Item: "At the wrestling match between Miller and Daly, John L. Sullivan, who was referee, was given a cool reception, while the appearance of Dominick McCaffrey aroused enthusiastic applause."

Sullivan begins to talk sense. In an interview at Philadelphia, when his financial standing was inquired into, he said: "Those stories cabled from England about my salting away so many thousands of pounds and dollars were all bosh. They were gotten up by my managers to bolster up their own reputations before the public. I had a good trip aboard, but I didn't make over a million of dollars."

"How about your connection with a circus company?"

"I have secured an interest in Dorris & Co.'s show," replied Sullivan, "and we will take the road between June 8 and 16. The show will probably be known as John L. Sullivan's Circus. I travel with the show. I have an idea of appearing in the ring with two trick ponies."

"Will you fight any more?"

"I have no intention of fighting at present; in fact, under my contract with my partners, I cannot fight without their consent. But after the circus season is over, I believe I shall have a fight anyhow."

SPORTING.

Great Conquest of the Pacific Slope Heavy-weight Champion.

AUSTRALIA'S COLORED CHAMPION ARRIVES.

Despite The Bard's heavy impost in the Suburban, if he starts it will be as favorite. His friends, especially since his race of May 24, are confident that he can carry anything short of a ton to victory. He is certainly the best horse in America.

The American Jockey Club opened its twenty-second spring meeting at Jerome Park, Fordham, N. Y., on May 29. Judging by the attendance and the programme they offer during the racing days of the meeting, it will be a big success as usual.

The Red Cross Athletic Association will hold their games at Caledonian Park, N. J., on June 30. The following special events open to all amateurs: 100 yards run, Middle States championship; ¼ mile run, Middle States championship. Hand-some gold championship medal to winners in each event.

The Northwestern Rowing Association has decided upon July 24 and 25 as the dates and Grand Rapids, Mich., as the place for its next annual regatta. The association has elected officers as follows: Don J. Leather, of Grand Rapids, commodore; A. V. Pantlind, of Grand Rapids, vice commodore; C. W. Chauncey, of C. S. French, and J. C. Sterling, regatta committee.

Recently E. H. Garrison went to a friend of B. A. Haggins and said that he wanted to give up his contract. When asked why, the boy said that Mr. Haggins had passed him without speaking to him. Garrison has a copious sort of contract with the Haggins stable, by which he is said to get \$12,000 per year retainer with \$25 extra for winning mounts and \$10 for losing mounts.

Jem Stewart, champion boxer of Scotland, after giving an exhibition in Coarbridge recently, was attacked by two women, one of whom was his discarded wife. Stewart attempted to make off, but his wife stuck to him, and while upbraiding him for his unfaithfulness and for taking up with a new love, she so belabored the pugilist that the police had to be called to his assistance.

Patsy Hogan writes that the Olympic Club of San Francisco, Cal., having offered a purse of \$1,500 for Joseph Acton and James Faulkner to wrestle for in catch-as-catch-can style, the backer of the former, Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, replied that Acton will go to the Pacific Slope to wrestle Faulkner for the stated purse, provided \$250 are allowed for expenses, and that he will make a side bet of \$500, if desired, the contest to take place any time after July 15. The club agreed to the proposition.

Dave Burke and William Reeder fought in England, on May 15, for \$1,000, according to London rules. As the battle progressed Reeder held the trump card, but in the tenth round he knocked Burke down, and it is doubtful if the latter could have responded to the call of time. Hardly had he done so when the friends of Burke cut the ropes, and the referee, Charles Dunning of the *Sportman*, ran away, being afraid of being maltreated by the unruly crowd.

A special to this paper from Glenwood Springs, Col., May 25, says: John C. and Matthew D. Karr started last night on their long and perilous journey of over 3,000 miles in a small boat from the crest of the Rocky Mountains down the Grand Canon and the Colorado River to the Gulf of California. The brothers have been in the State about two years, and have made some money in the Aspen mines. They take this as a pleasure trip. Their boat is as round as a barrel, and sharpened at both ends. This will enable it to shy off the boulders it will strike in the narrow canons. It was built by the brothers. There is no rudder. Holes are cut in the sides, so that oars may be used in eddying waters. The boat is twenty feet long and three and one half feet in diameter. The men holes are so cut that those within can see at all times what is going on.

Ernest Roeder called at the "Police Gazette" office May 25, with his backer, posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and left the following reply to Sebastian Miller's (the German champion) challenge:

NEW YORK, May 26, 1888.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR—Sir: In reply to Sebastian Miller's boasting challenge that he will wage \$500 or \$1,000 that he can throw me four times in one hour, Græco-Roman style, allow me to say there is no wrestler living, not excepting the Swiss champion, that can accomplish that feat. Therefore, I accept Miller's challenge, and post \$100 to cover the same amount I understand he has posted with Richard K. Fox. My backer and myself will meet Miller at the POLICE GAZETTE office Thursday, May 31, at 10 A. M. to sign articles.

ERNEST ROEDER.

The long-talked-of fight between Jimmy Murray of New York and Jimmy Hale of Philadelphia took place in New Jersey on May 24. Murray weighed 143 pounds and Hale 134. Odds of \$100 to \$40 were offered that Murray would win, and even money that Hale would not stand ten rounds. These bets were taken by Hale's friends. Twenty-five rounds were fought, and the fight lasted one hour and fifty-five minutes. In the twenty-fifth round it was plain to be seen that Murray was overmatched and could not last another round. Hale went into his corner and knocked him down with a right-hander. Murray was pushed over to him and Hale drove his left into his stomach, knocking him out. Referee Jack Fogarty declared Hale the winner amid loud applause. Hale is 21 years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and weighs in condition 133 pounds. This is his third hard-glove fight, and he has won all of them.

In the Crib Club, Boston, May 24, Dick Guthrie, of Montreal, who has resided in Boston for some time, met Wiley Evans, who claims the colored middle-weight championship of the Pacific Slope. It was a 10-round contest before the members of the Crib Club, and resulted in a draw. Previous to the bout of the evening, Jack McDonald, of this city, and Jack Creedon, who claims the championship of Ireland, sparred three very lively rounds, after which it was announced that they had been matched to fight 12 rounds. Then came the stars (?). Both men were in fairly good condition, Guthrie looking considerably bigger than his opponent. Evans, however, is a solidly-built young fellow, and there could not have been much difference in their weights. The Canadian was handled by Joe Lannon and Tom Quinn, while Luke Lee and Jim Godfrey looked out for the interests of the Californian. Ten rounds were fought, and the battle ended in a draw.

Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, who, with the exception of Joe McAuliffe, many consider the best heavy-weight pugilist now in America, is to be matched against the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast for \$5,000. J. D. Hayes, of Ashland, Wis., has telegraphed as follows to this office:

ASHLAND, Wis., March 24.

RICHARD K. FOX—Please announce in the next issue of your valuable paper that I have decided to back Mike Conley, better known as the Ithaca Giant, to fight Joe McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Slope, catch weights, London prize ring rules, for \$2,500 a side. I have forwarded a challenge with \$250 forfeit to McAuliffe, in care of the California Athletic Club, agreeing to have the battle decided at San Francisco if McAuliffe's backers will allow us \$250 for expenses. It is my opinion, considering Pat Killen's failure to go to the Pacific Slope

"BOSS" SPORTING PAPER OF THE WORLD.

From the "Breakfast Table," Wilkesbarre, Pa.—The "Police Gazette" is "the boss" sporting paper of the world. Its popular editor and proprietor, Mr. Richard K. Fox, fully deserves the large measure of success he has attained in the journalistic field, and our wish is that he may live long to enjoy it.

to meet McAuliffe, as well as his failure to arrange a match with Conley for \$2,500, that the Ithaca Giant is the best man in the world, with the exception of your champion, Jake Kilrain.

J. D. HAYES.

Judging from the tone of the above and from the business-like way J. D. Hayes has previously arranged matches for Conley there is every indication that he (Conley) will be matched to battle in the roped arena with the new California pugilistic star.

The now prominent California Athletic Club, organized especially to promote fist sport, believe McAuliffe a heavy-weight whom no man living, except Kilrain, can conquer, and there is not the least doubt that they will find the sinews of war for a match between Conley and McAuliffe, either by putting up a large purse for the men to fight for or else backing McAuliffe to fight Conley.

Sebastian Miller, the German-champion Hercules and wrestler, appears to be put out about Ernest Roeder, another famous German expert at wrestling, as he has issued the following challenge, and posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox as a forfeit:

NEW YORK, May 26, 1888.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR—Sir: Since I have been in America I have been ready to wrestle all comers and never refused any challenge. Ernest Roeder has circulated reports among the sporting fraternity in various parts of the country that he can throw me, and that I am not an expert at wrestling. Now I want to prove that Roeder does not speak the truth, and to prove it my backer will wager Ernest Roeder or his backer any sum from \$250 to \$500 a side that I can throw him four times in one hour according to Græco-Roman style, "Police Gazette" rules, the match to be decided two or three weeks from signing articles, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and to select the referee. To prove I mean business my backer now sends \$100 forfeit. If Roeder is the champion German wrestler he claims he will cover my money and name a day to meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match.

SEBASTIAN MILLER.

After receiving this challenge Ernest Roeder was notified, and he telegraphed to the POLICE GAZETTE that Miller could not throw him twice in one hour and that he would consult his backer and arrange a match if the latter was willing.

There is every indication that an international single scull race will be arranged between Peter Kemp, of Australia, the champion oarsman of the world, and John Teemer, the champion of America and holder of the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, emblematic of the single scull championship of the world. John Deebie, the backer of Kemp, recently announced that he would back Kemp to row any man in the world over the Paramatta river for £500 or £1,000 a side and championship of the world, the race to be rowed during November or December. John Teemer has written to Richard K. Fox, donor of the "Police Gazette" championship rowing trophy, that he will go to Australia and row Kemp for \$2,500 a side. Teemer will leave San Francisco for Australia on August 28. He says Albert H. Hamm will accompany him, and that they intend to take their own boats with them. The match, which will no doubt be arranged, will create a furor in sporting circles, and if Teemer should win his backers will make a fortune, as Kemp's backers are confident their man can outrow any man in the world since he so easily defeated Hanlan, and they will back him with thousands of dollars.

Peter Jackson, the heavy-weight colored champion pugilist of Australia, has arrived from Australia and is now in San Francisco. Harry Maynard writes us to the effect that Jackson is ready to box any man in America, and sporting men expect that George Godfrey, the colored champion, of Boston, will agree to meet Jackson, who is ready to meet all comers, either in a regular fist battle or in a contest according to "Police Gazette" rules, and no matter who picks up the gauntlet Jackson's backer will put up the money. The arrival of Australia's colored heavy-weight champion has created quite a breeze in prize ring circles. Jackson is a native of the West Indies, and was born in 1861. He stands 6 feet 6 inches in height, and weighs (untrained) 210 pounds. He is a powerful looking, muscular specimen of humanity. His dimensions are: Chest, 40 inches; biceps, 15½ inches; forearm, 14½ inches; calf, 16 inches; thigh, 24½ inches. He was initiated in boxing at Sydney, N. S. W., in 1882, and since that time has figured in several prize fights and won the heavy-weight championship of Australia. Jackson's first battle was with Jack Hayes, which, after a stubborn battle, ended in a draw. A new match was arranged and Jackson proved that he was a tremendous hitter, for after 7 desperate rounds he knocked Hayes senseless, and the contest was decided in his favor. He was then matched to fight Sam Britton for a purse of \$500. Jackson won this battle also, knocking his burly opponent out in 30 minutes. Jackson was subsequently matched to fight Jack Farnan, of Melbourne, for the championship, but he offered a very feeble resistance to Farnan, who won in 7 rounds. Jackson and Farnan again met for the championship, and when Jackson was winning, the ring was broken into by Farnan's friends. Jackson next defeated Jack Dooley for \$1,000 in 3 rounds, putting his opponent to sleep in 14 minutes. His next match was with Tom Lees, for \$2,000 and the championship of Australia. Thirty rounds were fought in 1 hour 39 minutes, when Jackson was declared the winner. On the arrival of Jack Burke in Australia Jackson challenged him to fight for \$1,000 a side, but Burke refused to ratify any match.

The long pending glove fight between Joe McAuliffe of San Francisco, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Slope, and Frank Glover of Chicago, Ill., the heavy-weight champion of Illinois, which has for the past two months been attracting considerable interest in all parts of the country, was decided at San Francisco on May 22. The men fought in the rooms of the California Athletic Club according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$1,000 a side and a purse of \$1,750, offered by the California Athletic Club. After the usual preliminaries time was called, and the men sparred cautiously for a full minute, when McAuliffe led out strongly with his right, hitting Glover on the neck and sending him down, amid the applause of the spectators. He was on his feet instantly, when the men clinched, but broke away. Several other clinches followed in quick succession, when the round closed. In the second round McAuliffe reached for Glover, but missed him. Glover got in with his left on the former's neck. Glover did most of the work in the third. He led for McAuliffe's stomach, but was cleverly stopped. McAuliffe led for Glover's head, falling short. The men clinched and Glover landed on his side and broke away. The work was light until the twenty-third round, which proved to be the most spirited so far. McAuliffe pressed his antagonist into the corner and against the ropes, and in the meantime pounded him severely. Glover took the punishment well, but was not able to return the blows. The next few rounds appeared to be generally in Glover's favor. He forced McAuliffe hard, but the latter punished him severely several times, principally on the injured eye, which soon closed entirely. Glover's face was swollen terribly, while the only marks to be seen on McAuliffe were a slight abrasion on the arm and a slightly puffed-up eye. In the 44th round it became apparent that Glover was growing weak fast. McAuliffe struck him a terrible blow and knocked him under the ropes. This was repeated twice in the same round, and the third time he fell on his face just as time was called. The fight seemed to be ended here, for Glover was lifted by his second and fell into his chair like a log. When time was called, however, he came forward pluckily and received a rousing cheer from the spectators. In this round McAuliffe did all the fighting, pressing Glover against the ropes, but failing to get a knock-down. Glover stood up well in the 46th and 47th rounds, and succeeded in getting in a hard one on McAuliffe's eye. Some of Glover's over-sanguine admirers cried "He'll win yet," but the 48th round showed that all hope was gone. McAuliffe knocked him down, and when the Chicago man arose for the 49th he could barely stand. After a short period of sparring McAuliffe struck him twice and then landed a terrific right-hander on his neck, which sent him to the floor, where he lay on his back like a dead man and failed to rise when time was called. The forty-nine rounds were fought in three hours and fifteen minutes. Glover stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighed 175 pounds. McAuliffe stands 6 feet 11 inches in height, and weighed 201 pounds. After the battle both of Glover's eyes shut out daylight, and he was a pitiable looking sight. He was senseless for half an hour. He was attended by a physician, who found that the pugilist's face had been terribly punished and his ribs injured. McAuliffe showed no outward signs of punishment except a discolored eye and a lump on his forehead, but several small bones of his right hand were broken early in the fight, making the use of that member very painful.

REFEREE.

Sullivan's Mistake in Refusing to Accept Godfrey's Challenge.

WHY DID HE STOP AT THE COLOR LINE?

At the time Tom Cribb held the championship of England, about seventy-eight years ago, Tom Molineux, an athletic colored pugilist, challenged him to fight for 200 guineas and a purse of 100 guineas. Cribb did not refuse to meet him because he was a negro, and a match was ratified. The battle was fought at Cophall Common, in Sussex, 30 miles from London, on Dec. 18, 1810, and Cribb won in 33 rounds, lasting 55 minutes.

Even after Cribb had given the colored pugilist satisfaction, the latter wanted to meet Cribb again and fight for \$1,000 a side. Cribb did not refuse to accommodate him, and another match was arranged. It was fought Sept. 29, 1811, near Crown Point, Leicester, England. Cribb won again in 11 rounds in 19 minutes and 10 seconds.

Now, why should an American ex-champion—we mean John L. Sullivan—when challenged by a colored professional, who has fought a better man (Kilrain) than ever Sullivan yet met in the ring, hesitate about making the match?

George Godfrey, the colored pugilist, is eager to meet Sullivan, and he has backers ready to make any arrangement the ex-champion proposes. But Sullivan refuses to accept the challenge of Godfrey on the ground that he would not fight a colored man.

Kilrain did not run behind the door and peep through a crack when Godfrey wanted to meet him and arrange a match. The champion of to-day did not skip at a double quick off Washington street into Lagrange street when he saw the muscular-looking, clever and scientific heavy-weight colored champion coming toward him, but he sauntered along until he met the pugilist of color, and when the latter said, "Jake, the Cribb Club want to give a purse for us to fight for?" Did Kilrain say: "I will not fight any nigger?" Oh, no; he said, "Well, George, we will have to fight," and they did fight and Kilrain won, but Godfrey made a good impression not only on those who witnessed the fight but on Kilrain, who to this day says Godfrey is a clever pugilist, and liable to defeat any pugilist in America, barring none.

It is possible that Kilrain's high opinion of Godfrey's science and hitting powers has made Sullivan refuse to either box or fight the colored champion; but it is a mistake for him to ignore Godfrey, for it is now known from Maine to Oregon that George Godfrey, earnestly and publicly, in front of John L. Sullivan and 2,000 of the choice sports of Boston, challenged the ex-champion of America to box fifteen rounds with him or engage in a prize ring encounter, and Sullivan was afraid to pick up the gauntlet and meet him.

Pat Sheedy's only chance of making any money was when Sullivan stood upon the top rung of the pugilistic ladder and he posed as his manager. Sheedy ruined Sullivan's fame and reputation by refusing to allow him to meet Jack Kilrain when the POLICE GAZETTE posted \$1,000 forfeit with the New York Clipper to match Kilrain to meet Sullivan last June for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world.

Sullivan dispensed with Sheedy and blamed him for his many failures. Sheedy then followed him to Europe expecting that the latter would again engage him as manager; but finding that Sullivan would not do so, he returned to this country, and again used every influence to secure the management of the ex-champion.

Finally, Sullivan's funds having become exhausted, and having lost the title to the championship, he had no means of again raising himself to the same position he once held in public estimation, and was glad enough to agree to once more sail under Captain Pat Sheedy's colors. A correspondent sends the following interview between Sheedy and Sullivan:

Sheedy—"Never mind, John, I will put you to the front again."

Sullivan—"I know you will, Pat. I never should have kicked with you, but we will do well if that POLICE GAZETTE will let up on us."

Sheedy—"Well, John, it is a big barrier to get over. You see the GAZETTE backed Kilrain. He proved a trump card. The GAZETTE then as much as said Mitchell would down you, and the public now rely on the judgment of the POLICE GAZETTE in such matters."

Sullivan—"Well, the public still consider I'm the champion, anyhow. Mitchell was no champion, and my fight with him had nothing to do with the championship. I have got to be whipped by a champion before I lose the championship."

Sheedy—"The public know Mitchell done you up, John, but if I had been your manager you should not have fought anybody, but I would have the whole country believe you was ready to fight, and that there was no man in the world like you, John."

Sullivan—"Can't you do it yet, Pat?"

Sheedy—"Well, it is a big task, and the only way I see for you to get to the front is to put a few no-account boxers against you, and fix it so that you knock them out, and that will boom you up again."

Sullivan—"Kilrain is coming back in July."

Sheedy—"You must not bother with Kilrain, John. He is too much of a general for you; besides, he is greatly improved. Why, I see him box Smith in London, and he would surprise you. Fox made a great hit when he nailed him for a champion. I would not let you fight him by any means. He would do you up sure, John."

Sullivan—"Do you think so?"

Sheedy—"Well, I only go by what folks who saw you fight Mitchell say. If you could not do little Charley, how could you expect to whip Kilrain? I tell you, John, and you will do well to take my tip, stick to the gloves. There is more money in it for both of us."

If the report is correct that John L. Sullivan has made an engagement with a circus, and there is not the least doubt about it, for my correspondent's veracity is unimpeachable, the sporting public can easily see the true inwardness of the new triple alliance between Morris, Sheedy and Sullivan. Morris will take in the money, Sheedy will stand outside and do the vocal trumpeting and shout "walk in, walk in and see the lions stuffed with straw and the monkeys chewing tobacco, and John L. Sullivan, once the champion pugilist of America, who will give an illustration of how Charley Mitchell fought him (to a stand still) at Chantilly."

How the public will patronize the show and whether Sullivan will ever again figure as a fistie hero time will only tell. Pugilists when they engage to go round with circuses are nearly at the end of their fistie career. Tom Sayers, Jen Mace and John C. Heenan are examples. Sullivan is no longer an attraction and with the ghost of the colored champion who is eager to meet him appearing before him, and the public, know-

"BOSS" SPORTING PAPER OF THE WORLD.

From the "Breakfast Table," Wilkesbarre, Pa.—The "Police Gazette" is "the boss" sporting paper of the world. Its popular editor and proprietor, Mr. Richard K. Fox, fully deserves the large measure of success he has attained in the journalistic field, and our wish is that he may live long to enjoy it.

ing that he refuses to meet any one in the ring, all the Sheedys and their mock eloquence will avail nothing with the sporting public now that the veil has dropped and Sullivan is known as the pretender instead of the champion they once believed he was.

It is an open question whether Kilrain will accept the offer of the Boston Athletic Club to fill the position of director of boxing. It will be all owing to the condition of the contract Kilrain will have to sign and the remuneration he is to receive.

It must be understood that Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion, by his quiet, unassuming style, has made a legion of friends, and, to use a cant phrase, a barrel of money. He can fill engagements in England for twelve months to come, which will bring him in a large amount of money, while on his return to this country sporting men, who at first looked upon him in the light of a second-class boxer and who prophesied that Jen Smith would beat him in a gallop, will warmly welcome him as the champion of the world, and should he make a tour through the United States and Canada he will gather a bag full of shekels, for he has proved himself a simon pure first-water diamond of the prize ring arena, and one that will always glitter.

If the Boston Athletic Club should agree to allow Kilrain to make tours through the States during certain periods of the season he may accept, but that is doubtful. Kilrain does not desire to retire from the ring until he has figured in one more fistie encounter, and the mark that he will try to shoot his tremendous mawleys at next time will be the bullseye, John L. Sullivan.

It is doubtful if the champion will ever have the opportunity, for no one knows any better than the once alleged champion of champions that he is no match for Kilrain.

The sporting public and the press are now, to use the vernacular, "rounding" on Sullivan, and it is now generally admitted that there is only one champion of the world, Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of the world, is the first and only undefeated American pugilist that did not disgrace his country's colors on the pugilistic battle field.

The design of Kilrain's colors were not the American stars and stripes, but representations of his native country and State; the State he was residing in and the country where his parents were born. It also embraced the American shield to represent the United States. He would not select the United States flag for his emblem, although he was "a native to the manor born." He did not want to disgrace his country's flag in case of defeat, because he knew he was entering into a battle under conditions which were new to him, and that he was battling on foreign soil with few friends at his back, though the same were staunch and true.

If Kilrain had supposed himself a second Alexander the Great, or even a "champion of champions," or a pugilistic imposter, he might have selected the United States flag for his colors, not caring whether he disgraced it or not.

Sullivan, who had no more right to style himself champion of America than a crow would to style itself a snow bird, was concealed enough to select the United States flag for his colors in his battle with Charley Mitchell, and he brought disgrace upon the flag by his disastrous reverse.

Jake Kilrain fought George Godfrey, the colored heavy-weight champion, but John L. Sullivan does not appear eager to do the same. It is no use drawing the color line as an excuse for not making a match. Champions of yore have fought colored pugilists, and ex-champions, if they do not show the white feather, should do the same.

Bob Travers fought Jen Mace. The former was a colored pugilist, and a first-class one at that. Therefore, Godfrey's challenge to meet Sullivan is in order, and the ex-champion must either meet him or back down.

The sporting writers and pugilistic prophets, who about this time last year stamped Kilrain as a third-rate pugilist merely because the POLICE GAZETTE had selected him to defend the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the heavy-weight pugilistic championship of the world, are now changing their opinion and giving Kilrain his due. Look what Macdon says: "Jake Kilrain has been a very fortunate fighter. He has climbed to the top rung of the ladder slowly but steadily. He is very popular in England, where his superiority to Jen Smith is almost generally recognized, and he and Charley Mitchell are making 'good, respectable money' there giving sparring exhibitions."

The New York "Sun" says: "It is reported that the new well Boston Athletic Club has made Jake Kilrain an offer to become its 'instructor in sparring,' and as the place will be a very desirable and remunerative one it is not unlikely that he will accept it."

I was recently reading a long screed about pugilism being detrimental and disgraceful, but the writers were not up either on boxing or prize ring ethics. Both among the Greeks and Romans the practice of pugilism, although differing in its main features from our modern and less dangerous combats, was considered essential in the education of youth, on account of its manifold utility in strengthening the body and developing manly courage.

The power of punishment rather than the art of self-defense, however, seems to have been the main object of the ancients; and he who delivered the heaviest blow, without regard to protecting his own person at that time, stood foremost in the list of heroes.

It is not so in these times, for while the quantum of punishment in the end must decide the question of victory or defeat, yet the true champion gains more applause by the degree of science which he displays in defending his own person, while with quickness and precision he returns the intended compliments of his antagonist, and, like a skillful chess player, takes advantage of every opening which chance presents, thereby illustrating the value of coolness and self-possession the moment when danger is most imminent.

The history of pugilism in this country, beginning in 1812, sufficiently demonstrates that the American boxer trusted more to the strength of his arm, the muscular vigor of his frame and his individual courage, in the hour of danger, than to any artificial expedients, and that whether in attack or defense, the combination of those qualities rendered him at all times formidable in the eyes of his assailants, however skilled in science may have been the latter.

I may safely say that boxing is the offspring of true pluck and a fondness for gymnastic exercise and doing feats of bodily strength and skill, not unaccompanied with that amount of risk and severe exertion which lend a zest to many kinds of athletic sport.

I have witnessed nearly one hundred contests, and dispassionately viewing the manner, accessories and consequences of such contests, I feel it a duty I owe to half-informed and prejudiced society to state the result of my observations without fear or favor.

I uphold that a pugilistic combat with a fair field, no favor, and surrender at all times at the will of either party, is superior to any other mode of conflict yet devised or practiced for the settlement of those offences which the highest authority has told us "needs must come." A school of babblers have flooded the press with long screeds against pugilism and boxing.

It is a well-known fact that individuals as well as states must have their disputes, their quarrels, their battles. And surely in this extremity the fists—the symbol of personal courage, are the most harmless, the ever present and the least fatal weapons.

I would ask the scribblers of the anti-pugilistic press which is better prepared to defend oneself from attack, the fist, nature's own weapon, or a revolver in the hands of an infuriated Texan, a crescent in the hands of a Malay, or a schlag in the hands of a Burschen of dreamy Vaterland, or the fatal fluret, so effectively used in the fire-eating game of the Frenchmen.

WHIP AND SPUR

Pointed Suggestions for Needed Reforms in the Management of Trotting Courses.

THE BROOKLYN DERBY AND OTHER RACES.

The Brooklyn Jockey Club tempered justice with mercy and reinstated E. H. Garrison and Wm. Fitzpatrick.

Heator Wilkes, bay stallion, 5 years, died at Lexington, Ky., on May 21, of pneumonia. He was the property of Mr. J. H. Sherman, of New York, and was valued at \$20,000.

The betting on the Suburban continues brisk and many believe they hold tickets to win thousands, but the day the race is run many will be surprised that they failed to back the winner.

The St. Louis Jockey Club and the bookmakers have compromised their difficulties, and the bookmakers will be allowed to operate during the spring meeting under the direction of the club.

The Clover stakes, at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track, was won by August Belmont's Fides, and Miss Cody was second. Servia's defeat was a bitter pill to the friends of her owners. The mutual pools paid \$77.30 on Fides.

At the Brooklyn Jockey Club track recently J. D. Morrissey's two-year-old colt French Park, by King Ban out of Lou Pike, made a good race through the mud, winning the Bedford stakes, at three-quarters of a mile, beating Goldfish way back to third place, with only three in the race.

Laura Stone is entitled to rank among the very best fillies that have yet shown in the South. She was purchased by her present owner at Congressman Scott's sale last fall for \$1,100. She is trained by James Murphy, who handled the horses in the Colorado stable of J. D. Morrissey last season.

Later on the two-year-olds will have larger fields to meet, among them Mr. Haggin's lot that have been racing in California at the Coast Blood Horse Association's meeting. His two-year-old winners at that meeting include the chestnut colt Trade Mark, by Kyrle Daly—Trade Dollar; chestnut colt Pancho, by King Alfonso—Penumbra; chestnut gelding So-Su, by Longfellow—Sododent, and chestnut filly Sonoma, by Longfellow—Carrie C.

At the Brooklyn Jockey Club track, on May 21, Larchmont was first home in the Falcon stakes, one mile and a sixteenth, and among those in the field and considered much his superior were the Dwyers' Fordham and Prospect, Golden Reel and Speedwell; but Larchmont, with 12 to 1 against him to win and 8 to 1 for a place, won easily. It will be well to keep this colt in mind. The mutual pools returned the handsome dividend of \$66.78.

Following is a list of the racing string of Senator Hearst of California: Banbridge, 4; True Briton, 4; Surinam, 3; Morrinnac, 3, by Angler—China Rose; Question, 3, by Monday—Fanstross; Gargo, by Isomony—Flash; San Simon, by Imp. Petre—Patilla; Glen Echo, 3, by Gleneg—Echollat; Rhona, 2, by Flood—Imp. Rosetta; Philander, 2, by Wild Idle—Precious; Eveleta, 2, by Hock Hocking—Vota; bay filly, by Danhan—Saphistana; Kennet, 2, by Joe Hooker—Katharina.

After all the talk about the Dwyer Brothers' two year olds, Oregon appears to be the best, and he is no Tremont. Oregon is the best one that has shown thus far, but he is said to be second class when compared with half a dozen others in the breed. Oregon is by Onondaga out of Skylight. He is a splendid golden chestnut, with a star. He is large, of racing-like proportions, and while wonderfully fast and strong, moves with a sweeping, regular gait, that deceives the eye. It is only while passing other horses that his great speed is clearly seen. He cost his owners \$1,000, and has already paid for himself five times over.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from Louisville, May 23, says: A sensation has cropped out in turf circles here in connection with the race for the Kentucky Oaks, which was won yesterday. Miss Young's filly Hypocrite, by Longfellow, out of Hypatia, was a strong favorite in the betting, with Los Angeles second choice. Hypocrite led for 1 1/4 miles and quit, the race being won by Tenpenny, a rank outsider. Almost immediately after the race Hypocrite was taken violently ill, and it took two veterinary surgeons to keep her from dying last night. They say that the filly is suffering from the effects of poison administered before the race. The belief is that the deed was committed by gamblers, who afterward backed Los Angeles heavily, not thinking there was anything else in the race. Hypocrite's owner and trainer lost heavily on her.

One of the cleverest and most favored jockeys on the American turf is Lucky Baldwin's colored rider, Isaac Murphy. Isaac Murphy owns a place at Lexington, on which he has built a stylish cottage. He will ride a string of four of his own horses this season. His colors are a black jacket, white belt, red cuffs, and red cap with green tassel. The jockey's horses are being trained by Charley Anderson. They are: Fabulous, a brown colt, 3 years old, by Longfellow, dam Felicia; Barrister, a chestnut colt, 3 years old, by Bramble, out of Miss Harding; Nugent, a bay colt, 3 years old, by Springbok, and Champagne Charley, a bay colt, 2 years old, by imported Prince Charley, out of Triangle. Champagne Charley is a racing-like youngster of the Prince pattern. He is heavily engaged in the two-year-old stakes, for a me of which he will be backed by colored adherents of racing stakes.

Old Barnum, the aged son of Bonnie Scotland and Charlotte Thompson, whom the racing public like to call the "iron horse," came to grief at the track of the Brooklyn Jockey Club on May 19, also his owner, Mr. H. J. Woodford, and the jockey, Nelson. Barnum was in the last race of the day, a heavy-weight handicap sweepstakes at 6 furlongs, and the other starters were Young Duke, Juggler, Mute and Umpire, Barnum carrying the top weight, 130 pounds. When the book betting began the old horse was the favorite, 2 1/2 to 1 being as good as could be obtained, but before the last bell called the field to the post he dropped back to 5 to 1. He finished second, one length behind Young Duke, and so soon as the jockeys left the weighing room the judges called owner and jockey to the stand and asked them to explain Barnum's running. Their explanations were not satisfactory. Horse, owner and jockey were ruled off.

The Brooklyn Derby, the stakes of which are valued at \$3,840, was run at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track on May 22. It being known that J. B. Haggin's crack Tenyson, Lucky Baldwin's Emperor of Norfolk, August Belmont's Raeland and Prince Royal, also the Dwyer Bros.' \$20,000 purchase, Sir Dixon, were to meet, a tremendous crowd went to witness and speculate on the race. Isaac Murphy had the mount on the Emperor of Norfolk, Hamilton rode Tenyson, Godfrey rode Raeland, Hayward rode Prince Royal, while Jimmy McLaughlin, the champion jockey, had the mount on Sir Dixon. In the pools the Emperor of Norfolk sold for \$120; Sir Dixon, \$80; and the field, Tenyson, Raeland, and Prince Royal, \$70. It was a grand race from start to finish, and the Emperor of Norfolk won easily by two lengths in 2:08 1/4. Sir Dixon, second, was three lengths in front of Prince Royal, third. Tenyson was last. The quarters were made in 26, 31 1/4, 1:16 1/4, 1:42 1/4, and 2:08 1/4.

The following few points are good as indicating what the trotting course should have: A varied programme. Larger purses for all classes. A two-in-three mile heat race, under the saddle, free for all pacers.

"BOSS" SPORTING PAPER OF THE WORLD.

From the "Breakfast Table," Wilkesbarre, Pa.—The "Police Gazette" is "the boss" sporting paper of the world. Its popular editor and proprietor, Mr. Richard K. Fox, fully deserves the large measure of success he has attained in the journalistic field, and our wish is that he may live long to enjoy it.

der the saddle, free for all pacers. A two-in-three mile heat race for double-teams. A purse for trotters or pacers with running mates, mile heats, two in three. A special for three or more horses with the lowest records. A starting judge, to be employed through the big circuit. Mounted patrol judges, to be placed in the field. The judges' stand to be placed on the side of the track opposite the pole. Drivers to wear a neat jacket and cap of the same color. No delays from unnecessary scoring. A full band of music, without a half hour's rest after each tune. The grand stand cleaned each day, so that ladies may not soil their dresses. No other persons than the judges and timers to be admitted in their respective stands. The judges to call the races promptly at the time advertised. The judges to call the horses for the next race as soon as heats have been finished. The time to be hung out after each heat, in plain figures, with the name of the winner and the names of the other horses placed. No particular driver to have more privileges than others who are not so well known. No driver to be taken out for any cause until he shall have begun to score for the heat. No taping of a drum to start the horses. The word "Go!" from the judge's mouth is the safest. The track to be sprinkled in order to lay the dust. The races called on time, so that they may be finished on the day named.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No attention will be paid to questions unless they are accompanied by the full name and address of the sender.]

S. R., Indianapolis.—No.
G., Amsterdam, N. Y.—No.
M. J., Baltimore, Md.—Yes.
W. G., Kalamazoo.—B wins.
J. A. W., Portsmouth, N. H.—No.
Sport, Chicago.—Why, five sizes.
J. H. D., Lexington, Ky.—The Bard.
J. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—Low, Jack wins.
J. A., New York.—See answer to Turfite.
G. M. B., Brett, Iowa.—There is no such book.
T. W. C., Troy, N. Y.—1. No. 2. 9 4 5 seconds.
M. J. C., Troy.—Riverside Park, New York city.
A. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Frank Hart. 2. No.
J. C. S., Eufaula, Ala.—1. 9 4 5 seconds. 2. Yes.
C. E. W., Erie, Pa.—Procure a history of the United States.
Subscriber, Chillicothe, Mo.—We do not know the author.
R. W., Cincinnati.—The men fought according to London ring rules.

R. C., New Brunswick.—1. See pedestrian record in this issue.

2. Albert.

J. W., Holyoke, Mass.—James Albert, 621 miles 1320 yards, in 142 hours.

Echo, Middletown.—1. Jay-Eye-See. 2. Maud S. and St. Julian. 3. No.

A CONSTANT READER.—If any one competes for money he is a professional.

H. S., Rochester, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Duncan C. Ross is in Memphis, Tenn. 3. No.

P. F. D., Miles City, M. T.—1. 9 4 5 seconds. 2. Anything close to the best record.

S. J. W. and B. C., Louisville.—No; the result of the dead heat decides the money.

Turfite, New York city.—Hawock won the Chester Cup in 1884, and Merry Prince in 1885.

J. A., Worcester, Mass.—Send 25 cents, and we will forward you a book containing the records.

W. S., Pottsville, Pa.—Paddy Ryan, Herbert A. Slade, Tug Wilson, Alt Greenfield and Jake Kilrain.

J. E. G., West Rutland, Vt.—Write to Frank Sheridan, care of James Keenan, 65 Portland street, Boston.

C. M. G., Havensville, Kan.—A and B win first and second money; C is not in after the first trial and tie.

M. J., Olean, N. Y.—1. Ned Searies was the champion jumper prior to George H. Hamilton. 2. 13 feet 5 1/2 inches.

TROOP G, First Cav., Fort Custer, M. T.—There are ten police patrol wagons in New York city—five double wagons and five single wagons—located in the 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, and 35th Precincts—two in each.

D. J. S., Adrian, Mich.—The party who threw 45 won first money; B and C, who threw 40 and tied, must throw again for second and third money, the highest throw will take second, and lowest third money.

J. H., Summer Lake, Ore.—There is no champion belt of England. The trophy John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought for is the personal property of Jen Mace. The "Police Gazette" diamond belt is the only one which represents the championship of the world.

R. W. S., Tombstone.—Joe Wormald fought a draw with Jack Smith (Jen Mace's colt) in 113 rounds, in 4 hours 30 minutes, at London, Eng. At Harley, Eng., Jan. 4, 1886, he forfeited to Jen Mace. In America he fought 1 round with Ned O'Baldwin, at Lynchfield, Mass.; the police interfered and he forfeited to O'Baldwin.

W. P., Salt Lake.—1. Tom Allen keeps a sporting house in St. Louis. 2. Harry Allen (brother to Tom Allen) and Joe Goss were to fight for the championship of England and £200 (\$1,000) a side, in August, 1886, but the authorities were determined they should not fight, so they arrested Goss and Allen and they were bound over. The stakes were afterward withdrawn.

J. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—The following is the score of the first six men in the Hall six day go-as-you-please race held in this city last fall: Albert, 621 miles 1320 yards, 142 hours; Herty, 593 miles 600 yards, 141 hours; Guerrero, 564 miles, 138 hours 53 minutes; Hart, 546 miles 600 yards, 141 hours 2 minutes; Golden, 538 miles 880 yards, 141 hours 20 minutes; Moore, 531 miles 1330 yards, 141 hours 30 minutes.

C. J., Kansas City.—Dan O'Leary has defeated Edward Payson Weston three times in 6-day races. O'Leary defeated Weston in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 15 to 20, 1875, for \$2,000, by over 50 miles, covering 500 miles in less than 144 hours. On April 2 to 7, 1877, at London, England, O'Leary, for a wager of \$2,000, outwalked Weston and beat him 10 miles, covering 515 1/2 miles 305 yards, in 5 days 21 hours and 4 minutes. On March 8 to 13, 1880, at San Francisco, Cal., O'Leary beat Weston 26 miles in a 6-day race, covering 516 miles.

D. J., West Troy, N. Y.—1. No. 2. The Irish giant, Ned O'Baldwin, was born in Lismore, Ireland, in 1840. He stood 6 feet 5 1/2 inches in height and weighed 215 pounds. He was defeated by Andrew Marsden, in England, in 3 rounds, lasting 2 1/2 minutes. 3. He defeated George Hes twice; the first battle was on Feb. 19, 1864, in 3 rounds, lasting 57 minutes. On Sept. 25, 1866, he beat Andrew Marsden in 11 rounds, lasting 16 minutes. He then made a match with Mace, but it fell through. Shortly after his arrival in America he was matched to fight Joe Wormald, and they fought at Lynchfield, Mass., Oct. 29, 1868. One round was fought, and Wormald had decidedly the best of it during the 16 minutes they fought. The Boston police finished the struggle, and clubs won. O'Baldwin was arrested and sent to durance vile for eighteen months. After his time expired he issued a challenge to fight Mace, Allen or McCoolle. The former accepted, but O'Baldwin declined to fight in New Orleans, which Mace's backers would not agree to. On the 15th of March, 1872, the pugilists and their backers met at Philadelphia and signed articles to fight for \$2,500 on the 16th of July, 1872. The deposits were put up regularly until John Morrissey refused to be the final stakeholder. A new meeting was called between the men and their backers. They met at Philadelphia on the 9th of May, 1872, when the \$1,000 put up was transferred to the stakeholder. The pugilists were to have fought in Virginia, but the authorities stopped the boats from leaving. The stakeholder, Alderman McMullen, of Philadelphia, ordered another meeting, which took place at Collier's Station, on the line of the Panhandle Railroad, in West Virginia, Aug. 15, 1872, but they could not agree on a referee. The stakes were withdrawn, to the public's intense disgust and disappointment.

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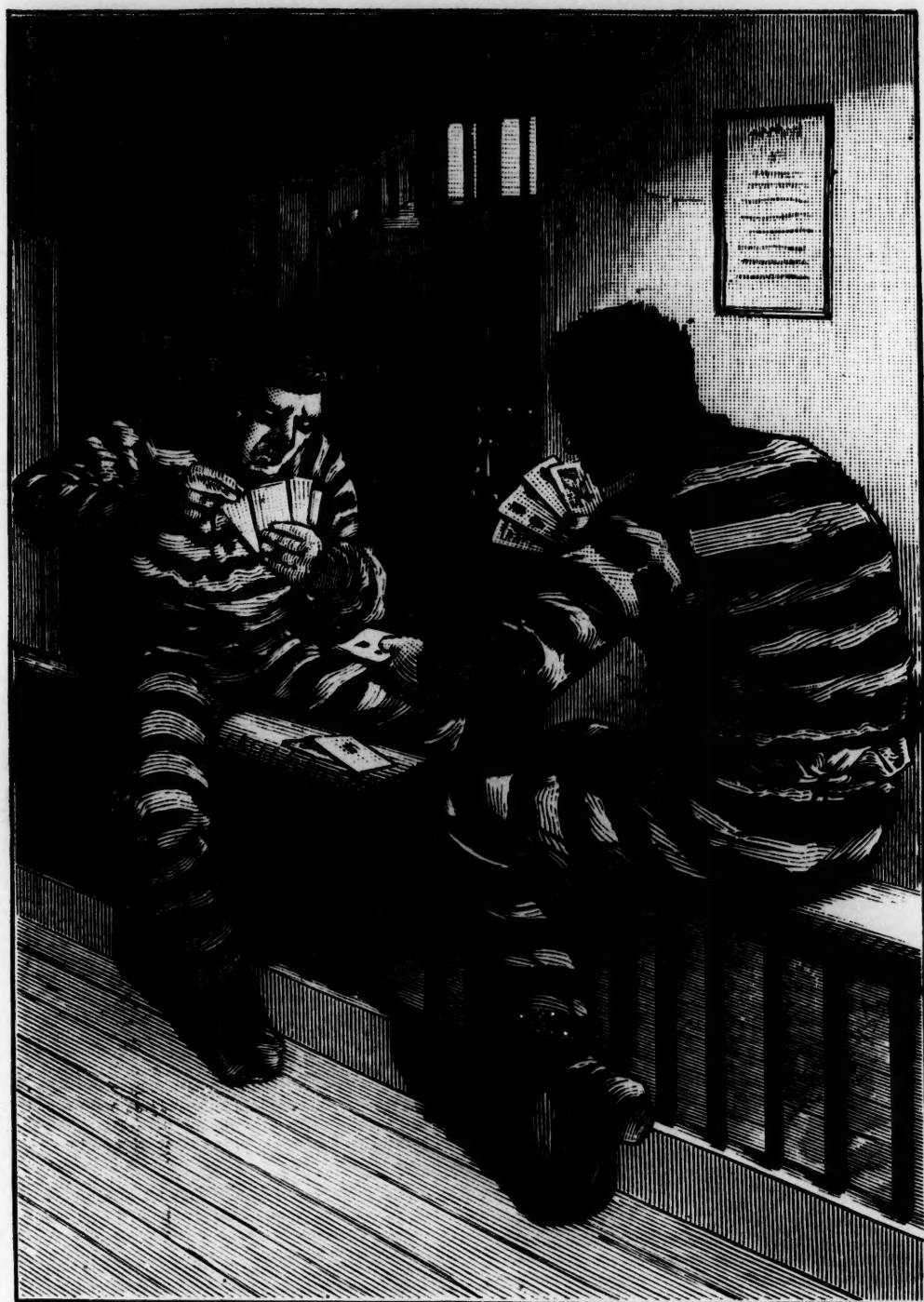
HE WAS BOUND TO DIE.

CHARLES YOUNG, A WELL-KNOWN WATERFORD, ME., MAN, MAKES FOUR ATTEMPTS ON HIS LIFE, FINALLY IMPALING HIMSELF ON A FENCE.



A TRAGEDY IN A CHURCH.

J. M. CHANDLER WHILE ATTENDING RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT JELICO, TENN., SHOOTS PROF. LAWRENCE, PRINCIPAL OF A HIGH SCHOOL.



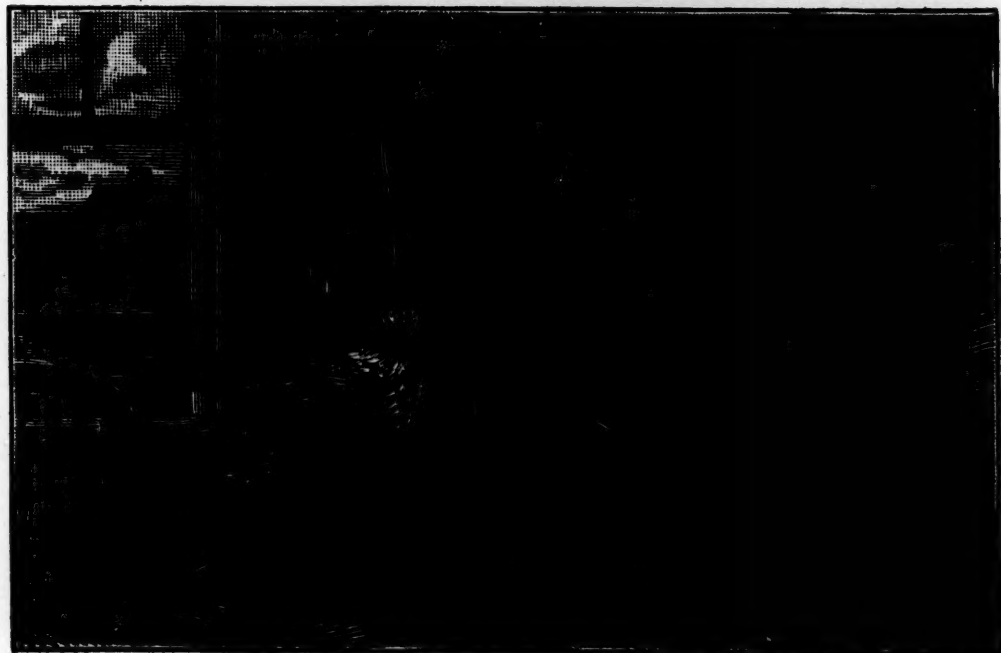
BLUFFED THE PREACHER.

TWO CONVICTS PLAY SEVEN UP IN THE LOUISVILLE, KY., PRISON WHILE THEIR 'COMRADES IN CRIME ARE BEING CONVERTED.



A BITE FOR A KISS.

A NEW HAVEN, CONN., CHILD GRASPS ANOTHER BABE'S CHEEK WITH ITS TEETH AND HOLDS ON WITH BULLDOG GRIP.



THRILLING MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

A PRESCOTT, A. T., MAN IS AWAKENED BY A SAVAGE OWL WHICH FIERCELY ATTACKS HIM IN BED.



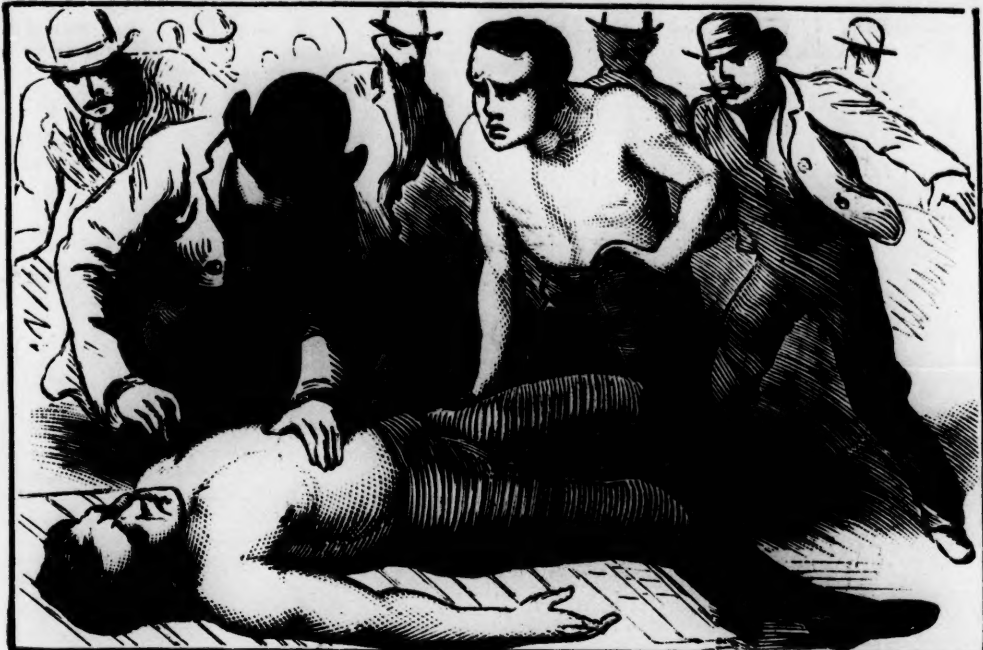
QUINN SEIZES THE CHARTER.

DISTRICT ASSEMBLY FORTY-NINE'S REDOUTABLE MASTER WORKMAN DEFTLY THE COURT TO DISCIPLINE HIM,



THEY HAD FIRE IN THEIR EYES.

TWO WOMEN TAKE OFFENSE AT A PARAGRAPH IN A CLEVELAND, OHIO, PAPER AND PROCEED TO COWHIDE THE EDITOR.



KNOCKED OUT BY A FALL.

A WRESTLING MATCH IN THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE, CINCINNATI, OHIO, COMES NEAR TERMINATING FATALLY.



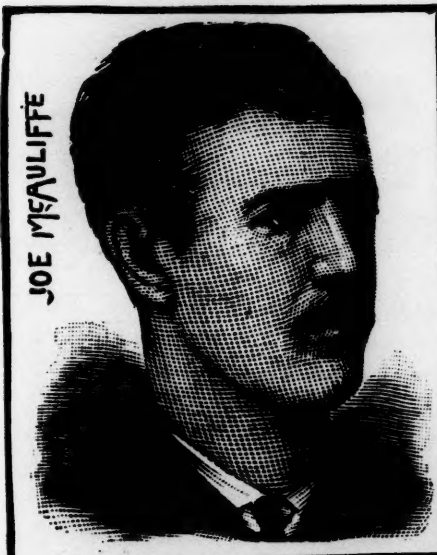
BLOODSHED IN A COURT ROOM.

A PROMINENT LAWYER ATTACKS THE PRESIDING JUDGE OF A CLARKSVILLE, ARK., COURT WITH A KNIFE.

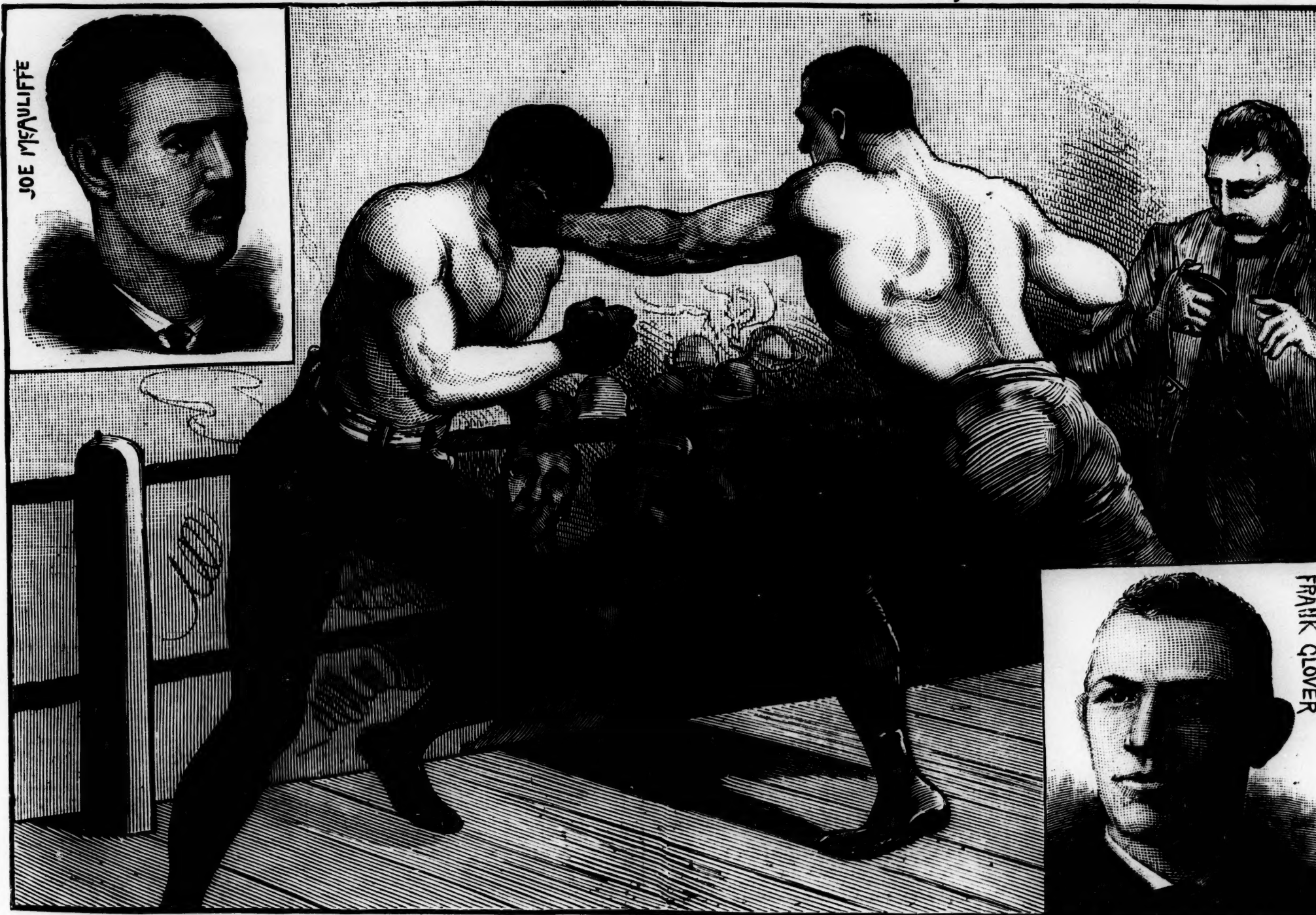


RIPE FOR LYNCHING.

MRS. GALL IS ASSAULTED BY A TRAMP NEAR MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN, AND BARELY ESCAPES WITH HER LIFE.



JOE MAULIFFE



FRANK GLOVER

GLOVER "GETS IT IN THE NECK."

[JOE MAULIFFE, THE PACIFIC COAST GIANT, DOES UP THE CHICAGOAN FRANK GLOVER, AT SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 21.

JOCKEY MURPHY.

The Famous Colored Rider of
Lucky Baldwin's California Stable.



Isaac Murphy.

The West has developed some famous jockies, foremost among whom stands the clever rider Isaac Murphy, who is pictured above. He covered himself with glory on May 22, at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track, by landing his mount, the three-year-old Emperor of Norfolk, the winner of the great Brooklyn Derby. Murphy is very popular with the boys of the "pizakin," and, owning his own stable, is well fixed pecuniarily. Besides, he is in receipt of \$10,000 per year from Lucky Baldwin, the millionaire turfman of San Francisco.

We will be obliged to our numerous correspondents throughout the country if they will send us the portraits of prominent jockies, amateur athletes, or owners of well-known trotting horses for publication in this column.

NEVER TOLD A LIE, BUT TOOK THE BOODLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

We portray on another page an interesting event in the trial of the bribe-taking constables of Des Moines, Ia., now in progress in the District Criminal Court that city. We refer to the conviction of George Washington Potts, the notorious prohibition constable.

ASSAULTED A SERVANT GIRL.

A servant girl employed by Charles Cramer, a butcher, at Neenah, Wis., was standing at the gate near Cramer's residence on the 21st inst., when she was seized by three men, who assaulted her. A young man named Haupt was arrested here, it being alleged that he was one of the guilty parties.

TWICE STRUNG UP, BUT HIS NECK SAVED.

The residence of the Rev. Wm. McKay was destroyed by fire a few days ago. His brother-in-law, John Smith, was arrested on the charge of arson and placed in jail. Sentiment ran high against him, and he was taken from the jail and twice strung up, but taken down again when cooler counsel prevailed and taken back to jail.

TOUGHS MURDER A FARMER.

George P. Adams, a peaceable and highly respected farmer living six miles north of Elwood, Ind., was returning home with several neighbors, when Charles Conway, a young tough from near Newcastle, Ind., and George Melrose, another similar character, drove up in a buggy, both drunk. In a melee between Melrose and a farmer named Ogle, living on the spot, Adams attempted to prevent bloodshed, and was fatally cut by Conway, who came to help Melrose. There is great excitement and threats of lynching.

KILLED BY A PET.

The strange and sudden death of Mrs. Archer, widow of the late Col. Stephen Archer, of Marshall, Ind., is causing considerable excitement in the extreme southeastern part of the county. She had her little dog catch a chicken for her, and while she was wrestling it from him, the brute scratched her quite severely on the hand with its claws. She went into the house, bound up the hurt and thought no more about it. Shortly afterward, the hired girl, happening to glance at her, saw she was growing black in the face. Greatly alarmed she ran at once to a neighbor's for help, but when she got back the old lady was dead. Mrs. Archer has quite a remarkable history. She was born in Virginia, removed to Kentucky at the age of four, and when fourteen was married. She was the mother of thirteen children, and leaves eighty-eight grandchildren and fifty-four great-grandchildren.

BLOODY AFFRAY BETWEEN WOMEN.

A terrible fight occurred at Waco, Tex., recently, between two women, in which Mrs. Julia McGrew severely stabbed Mollie Jeffries. The two women live in Foster alley and occupy the same house, and one morning a quarrel arose between them, the cause of which was the jealousy of Mrs. McGrew toward Mollie Jeffries, on account of the attention paid the latter by the husband of the former. They were alone in the house at the time and their screams brought the police, who found both badly scratched, and Mollie Jeffries severely stabbed in the neck and right shoulder. One of the wounds in the neck is considered by the

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surgeons to be quite dangerous, and Julia McGrew was arrested and placed in jail to await the result. The woman who did the cutting is about forty-five years old, while her victim is only twenty-two. The prisoner stated, in defense of her action, that Mollie Jeffries had her down and was beating her, when she picked up a pocket-knife which was lying with open blade upon the floor and commenced to stab her.

SHOT DEAD.

A young man, guest at the Preble House, Portland, Me., committed suicide by shooting himself in the head Wednesday.

All that is known of him is that he came to the hotel Tuesday night between 10 and 11 o'clock, applied for a room, paid in advance, and retired. Wednesday morning he did not rise, and after several efforts to get an answer from within, the hotel clerk entered through the transom over the door.

The body was found lying on the bed, a revolver by his side. He had taken off only his coat and vest, his other clothing being upon the body. His signature upon the hotel register is written in a cramped, unpracticed hand, and looks like Adrienne Chausse, Montreal.

He was a Frenchman, about 30 years of age. He must have shot himself sometime in the night, as no sound of a pistol was heard on Wednesday.

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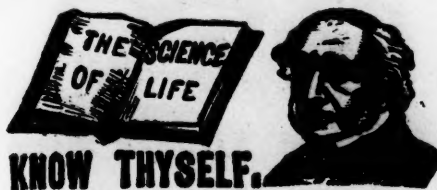
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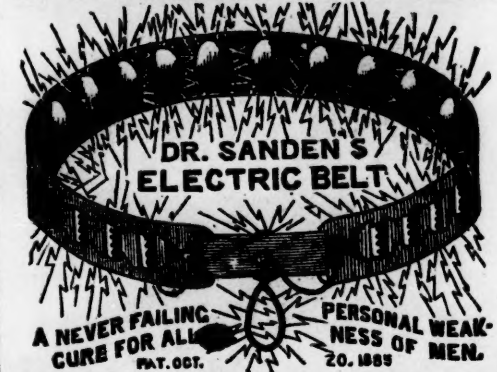
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